THE BODYGUARD

An Original Screenplay

by

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and

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THE SCREEN IS BLACK

THREE BOOMING GUNSHOTS. Two from one gun, one from another. So fast and close, they're barely distinguishable. The SOUND of the SHOTS echoes against concrete walls and dies away.

SILENCE

SLOW, SLOW FADE IN

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE (DETROIT) DAY

FRANK FARMER'S FACE. He is the Bodyguard. Forty years old. He is looking OFF-CAMERA over his smoking gun. He has just killed a man.

SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Frank is lying on top of KLINGMAN protectively. Pressed body to body, they lie on the dirty, cement floor of the garage. Klingman is a handsome, fifty-year-old executive. His $600 suit is soaking up a pool of shiny black oil. There is no movement.

The two men are lying near the right front fender of a black limousine. The dead body of an AUTO WORKER, dressed in dirty work clothes, is lying in the middle of a car lane. A large pistol nearby.

Frank begins to rise slowly off his employer's body.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, KLINGMAN HOUSE (DETROIT) NIGHT

The spacious bathroom is all white tile and white enamel, as clean as the garage was dirty. The tub is filled with billows of white soap suds. It takes a moment to spot Frank in there. His head, resting on the back edge of the tub, just clears the suds. His eyes are closed. He might be asleep. His guard is down.

FOOTSTEPS approach the bathroom. There is a RAP at the door.

KLINGMAN (O.S.)
May I come in?

Frank's eyes open slowly. He stares at the suds an inch from his nose.

FRANK
Yeah.

Klingman enters. He is wearing a thick robe with the sleeves rolled up above the elbows. He carries a can of turpentine and some rags.

KLINGMAN
I'm intruding.

FRANK
(smiling)
It's your house.

Klingman sits on the closed toilet. He begins to use the turpentine on his oil-stained hands and forearms. Frank closes his eyes again.

KLINGMAN
It won't come off with soap and water.

FRANK
I know.

Klingman looks over at Frank's face amidst the suds.

KLINGMAN
How did you know he was there?

FRANK
I saw him.

KLINGMAN
I didn't see anything. Not until too late.

FRANK
It should never have gotten that far. I saw him washing that car, but I didn't put my finger on it soon enough.

Frank opens his eyes and looks over at Klingman.

FRANK
They don't wash cars on the parking levels. I was slow.

KLINGMAN
You looked pretty fast to me.

Frank shakes his head and looks back at the suds.

FRANK
If I'd been quicker, he might be alive now. That's what this job is really about. Being quicker. Knowing where they wash the cars, when a client's gonna want pizza at two a.m., when he's going to take a leak. You have to know so much about the people you work for. More than their friends know -- more than they'd want their friends to know. You find out what's normal for them...no matter how weird that is.
(he smiles,remembering)
And it can be pretty weird. But you accept them as they are.

Frank pauses, staring into the clouds of soap bubbles. He seems to be looking at something far away. Finally --

FRANK
You don't get attached, you don't get involved. You just watch. Looking for the one thing that's unusual, out of place. You try to catch it before anyone gets hurt.

Frank exhales, blowing a hole in the bank of suds in front of his face.

FRANK
And sometimes, like today, you're too slow.

Klingman has been watching Frank closely. Now he busies himself again with the turpentine, working the oil off his arms.

KLINGMAN
You know I'd like you to stay on.

FRANK
You don't need it.

KLINGMAN
I mean in a permanent position.

FRANK
I'm not too good in permanent positions. My feet go to sleep.

Klingman looks at Frank a long moment, then accepts his decision.

KLINGMAN
If I can ever do anything...anything... call me. Please.

FRANK
I appreciate it.

KLINGMAN
Think nothing of it. I tell that to everybody who saves my life.

The two men smile at each other. Frank looks back into his wall of bubbles, the smile fading.

FRANK
I lost his.

Klingman absorbs this. He speaks gently.

KLINGMAN
I'm sorry. It can't be easy.

VERY CLOSE ON FRANK as he nods slightly.

FRANK
It doesn't come off with soap and water.

Frank Farmer closes his eyes.

FADE OUT

In the darkness we begin to HEAR LAUGHTER. A very large audience. The laughter SWELLS.

FADE IN

INT. COW PALACE (SAN FRANCISCO) NIGHT

VERY CLOSE ON RACHEL MARRON'S FACE, replacing Frank's on the screen. She's about thirty years old. Not beautiful, not ugly. Unique only in that she is immediately interesting. A superstar.

Her expression seems serious, but there is a playful light dancing in her eyes. As the laughter continues, a slow grin begins to spread across her face. She speaks in a husky, vibrant voice.

RACHEL
Hey, I know what I'm talking about. I live up there. Seattle's where it all happened for me. It's a case of "local girl makes good."
(she glances around)
I can't say good what in mixed company...

BEGIN A SLOW PULL-BACK, which continues throughout Rachel's performance, gradually REVEALING the full size of the arena.

Rachel sits on a high stool behind a microphone, spotlit on a platform. She wears slacks and a silk blouse that glistens in the light. She begins to tick items off on her fingertips.

RACHEL
I was born there...I was talked out of my cherry there...

There is a ripple of laughter. Rachel responds with a raised eyebrow and an expression that blends defiance and chagrin. The laughter spreads.

RACHEL
Well, I was a sucker for poetry, and he was very eloquent...He knew a lot, I didn't know diddly.

She leans toward the microphone.

RACHEL
So how was I to know that all he had in mind was...diddling?

She pauses, her eyes gleaming.

RACHEL
It wound up what we call a "soft rape."

More laughter.

RACHEL
But not soft enough. Christ, if it were always as good as that first time, I would have given it up long ago. There ought to be a way to skip the first time. Maybe something mail order.
(she waits through laughter)
It's got to be better for men the

RACHEL (cont'd)
first time...Somebody must be enjoying it...

The audience understands. They're with her.

END OF PULL-BACK. All the darkness in the huge hall seems to funnel down into the small circle of light where Rachel sits. THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER CARRIES OVER to the next image.

INT. LIMOUSINE NIGHT

Rachel slides onto the wide back seat of a commercial limousine. She has changed into a white dress. She speaks to the CHAUFFEUR holding the door.

RACHEL
We have to wait a minute for the rest of them.

The Chauffeur nods and closes the door. Rachel is up, exhilarated, still on a performance high. She glances around the passenger compartment, and reacts with delight to what she sees on the far side of the seat.

A champagne bottle sits in a fully-iced, silver bucket. Rachel pulls the bucket closer, turns it to look for a card, but finds none.

Rachel lowers the door of the built-in bar, making a counter. She takes several glasses out of the bar and sets them on the counter. She begins to lift the champagne bottle out of the bucket.

IT EXPLODES. The SOUND is deafening in the confined space.

The body of the bottle has shattered, leaving Rachel holding only the neck. Most of the explosion was contained by the bucket, but there are slivers of glass everywhere. Rachel has numerous small cuts beginning to bleed on her arms and cheeks, spotting her white dress with red. She is more stunned than harmed, her face pale, her eyes wide.

Then she comes to life with a low moan, claws at the door handle, and scrambles out.

On the floor of the limousine, the bucket leans against a pile of spilled ice and shards of glass. Exposed at the bottom of the bucket is a card. The message has the classic form of a ransom demand: each word has been cut from a different page and is in a different typeface. The first few lines read:

MARRON BITCH -- I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR STACK! I'LL SHUT YOUR BIG MOUTH...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SEATTLE-WINSLOW FERRY (VARIOUS SHOTS) DAY

An EXTREME TELEPHOTO SHOT of Mt. Rainier shining in the sun, SLOWLY ZOOMS OUT. The skyline of Seattle comes into view, then the ferry terminal, then Frank on the topmost passenger deck of the boat. It is just pulling out, and Frank is fascinated.

Frank walks along the side of the ferry, carrying a battered suitcase. He looks down at the sailboats nearby and out at the sea-going ships farther off. He watches the gulls wheeling above the ferry and the passengers on its deck. He notices everything with equal, casual interest. He is off-duty.

Frank reaches the other end of the ferry. He looks ahead to the terminal at Winslow. In the distance, above the rest of Bainbridge Island, a range of mountains towers up.

The ferry is about to dock. Frank's gaze alternates between the approaching walls of the dock, the prow of the boat, and the wheelhouse above him. There are several children at the rail next to Frank, watching the same things. As the gap narrows, Frank and the children lean over the rail, looking more and more rapidly from dock to prow and back again. At last, with a low grinding noise and a tremor that goes through the whole ferry, they are docked. The children shout, and Frank laughs with them.

EXT. WINSLOW FERRY TERMINAL (BAINBRIDGE ISLAND) DAY

Frank is standing at the passenger pick-up curb. SHELLY HOWE, a somewhat harried-looking man about fifty, approaches him.

SHELLEY
Mr. Farmer?

They shake hands.

SHELLEY
Shelley Howe. I'm parked right up here.

FRANK
Nice to meet you.

Shelley leads Frank toward a big station wagon in the parking lane of the approach road.

EXT./INT. SHELLEY'S STATION WAGON - DAY

They are on a two-lane road, travelling through countryside that alternates forest and meadow. The houses are widely spaced and half-hidden in the trees. There are occasional flashes of water through breaks in the woods. Shelley talks too fast. He's nervous.

SHELLEY
Back at the start, if someone threw an egg at the stage, we thought it was a big deal. Boy, if we knew what was coming...You know she got started in my club by the campus? I've been managing her ever since. We've done very well. I could book her continuously, top dollar, for longer than I have calendars for, if she wanted to work that much. She's it right now. Newsweek is putting her on the cover...

Shelley turns off the main road onto an asphalt lane that cuts into the woods.

SHELLEY
The bottle thing scared her, but she still doesn't realize everything it means, being this hot. What it involves. Like taking reasonable precautions against the nuts...

FRANK
But she agreed to hire me?

SHELLEY
Oh, yeah, she agreed to hire you. But she may not really...approve of how you work. She has a few, ah, ideas that may--Well, I figured the best person to work it out would be someone with real experience. And they told me you're the best.

FRANK
There's no such thing.

SHELLEY
I'm sure you two will reach an understanding. You have to realize, with Rachel it's a matter of principle.

FRANK
Principle?

SHELLEY
She's opposed to violence.

FRANK
So am I.

The station wagon turns off the asphalt lane onto a gravel driveway that disappears in a grove of Douglas fir. The turn is marked by a large metal sign. Made like a road sign, it shows a simple, block symbol of a factory with a tall smokestack belching smoke. A circle and a diagonal slash in red are superimposed on the factory, and underneath is printed: BLOW YOUR STACK.

EXT. MARRON HOUSE DAY

The station wagon comes out of the trees into a meadow that slopes down to an arm of Puget Sound. The house at the end of the meadow seems to be a single slab of roof, angled steeply into the ground. It is painted black and has very few windows. There are flat solar collectors up near the crest of the roof. Two St. Bernards are sleeping in the sun at the corners of the doorstep. They don't even blink as Frank and Shelley get out and walk between them.

INT. MARRON HOUSE DAY

Shelley leads Frank down a hall past several bedrooms. There are plants everywhere.

As Frank and Shelley approach the end of the hall, a BLACK MAN comes out of the room beyond and starts toward them. He is slim and neatly dressed.

SHELLEY
(to Frank)
This is Merton, Rachel's secretary. I make the dates, he gets Rachel to them on time.
(to Merton)
This is Frank Farmer.

FRANK
(smiling)
Nice to meet you.

MERTON appraises Frank coolly.

MERTON
Ah, yes...Mr. Farmer.

SHELLEY
Are they done in there?

MERTON
Any minute. Go ahead. Was Fletcher up front?

Shelley shakes his head "no" and gestures Frank through the doorway.

LIVING ROOM (CATWALK)

Frank steps onto a catwalk built against a huge, sloping wall that is the inside of the black roof. A stairway descends to the main level of the room. From the top of these stairs, Frank gets the full effect: the other side of the room is all glass, with ranks of silvery, insulating blinds all the way up. Most of these are rolled up and the view is terrific. Down a sweeping lawn, past a boat house and dock, out across the sparkling water of the inlet, to the dark green slopes of the far shore. Shelley has paused to give Frank plenty of time to be impressed. Now he urges him down the stairs.

MAIN FLOOR

The big space is broken up into areas by groupings of comfortable sofas and chairs. In the middle is a large, woodburning stove. Cats are sleeping between the indoor plants. Lots of cats.

Frank and Shelley head for the corner where the voices are. As they pause to wait for the meeting to end, Frank looks around.

A pretty Woman in her mid-thirties is doing macrame with some coarse, natural fiber as she listens to the conversation. On the wall next to her is a framed record album jacket. The photograph on the cover shows the "BLOW YOUR STACK" sign set up by the side of a highway in an industrial area.

A college-age GIRL and an earnest MAN with glasses are facing a big, highbacked armchair that conceals its occupant. Rachel's voice comes from there.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Obviously, I agree with your position. But I don't think gun control is something people want to hear about from a comic.

GIRL
You're not just a comic, Rachel. You're a voice people hear long after they stop laughing.

RACHEL (O.S.)
They stop laughing?

MAN
Don't decide now. Think about it. We'll call you next week?

RACHEL (O.S.)
Call me anytime.

MAN
Thank you for listening. We knew you would.

The Man and the Girl move toward the stairs, and Shelley stops in front of the armchair.

SHELLEY
Rachel, I want you to meet someone.

Shelley nods in Frank's direction. The Woman with the macrame looks at Frank. Rachel rises into view. She and Frank look at each other across the furniture.

SHELLEY
Rachel, this is Frank Farmer.

Frank comes forward. Rachel offers her hand, and they shake. Rachel looks him up and down with a smile.

RACHEL
Hello.

FRANK
(smiling back)
Nice to meet you.

Shelley nods to the Woman doing the knotting, ELLEN MARRON.

SHELLEY
This is Rachel's sister, Ellen. She keeps this place feeling like a home, not a physics experiment.

ELLEN
How do you do?

RACHEL
So you're a bodyguard?

Frank nods amiably.

RACHEL
You're not what I expected.

FRANK
What did you expect?

RACHEL
I'm not sure. Maybe a tough guy.

FRANK
This is my disguise.

RACHEL
(laughs)
I'll tell you, Mr. Farmer, I have a very limited problem. It's not that big a deal. We've always done fine with local bouncers for crowd control.

SHELLEY
We're not talking about rowdies, Rachel. We're talking about death threats.

RACHEL
I've been getting death threats for years.

SHELLEY
Not like this. Not this number. Or this vicious.

RACHEL
(to Shelley)
Have you ever seen a non-vicious death threat? Besides, I've never been this big. I'm sure Mr. Farmer can tell you that the number of nuts writing fan letters jumps every time you're on the cover of a magazine.

Frank nods.

ELLEN
Rachel, you know it's gotten scary lately.

RACHEL
Relax, guys, I said I'd do it. I just want Mr. Farmer to understand what's happening here.
(to Frank)
I have a son. That's why I agreed to this. But I don't want him to see the threat of violence as an accepted fact of my life.

SHELLEY
Even if it is.

RACHEL
(throws him a look)
I will not allow Fletcher to be affected by this thing. And I'm not going to let it alter my life one iota. I will not let the loonies out there intrude on my space.

FRANK
From what I hear, they already have.

Rachel's face shows a brief shadow of her fear. She nods silently.

SHELLEY
Frank's going to help us out for a little while, that's all. Right, Frank?

FRANK
Right.

RACHEL
I hope you enjoy your stay. Not everyone likes our weather.

FRANK
That's OK, I've just been in Detroit.

Rachel registers this, smiles.

RACHEL
(to Shelley)
Well, his timing's good, anyway.

INT. HALLWAY, MARRON HOUSE DAY

Frank, carrying his suitcase and a bulging file folder, is following Merton down the hall.

MERTON
We turn off any lights we're not using. Feel free to use the kitchen any time, but please leave it as you found it. You can pick fresh vegetables in the garden if you like.

Merton gestures at a door as they pass.

MERTON
You'll use that bathroom. Don't flush unless you have to.

FRANK
You're short of water here?

MERTON
The world's short of water. This is your room.

Frank steps into a small but comfortable guest bedroom, with a view through a sliding glass door out to the inlet, where sails of white and orange drift by.

MERTON
If you need anything, Ellen will help you. Do you have any questions about our household?

FRANK
I think you've covered it.

Merton pauses in the doorway.

MERTON
Oh, Mr. Farmer...

FRANK
Frank.

MERTON
It would be nice if you didn't bring any...lady friends to the house.

Frank just looks at him.

MERTON
On the other hand, you're welcome to have a pet.

Merton goes out, closing the door behind him. Frank opens it again, glances at the lock, then swings the door back against the wall, wide open. He steps out into the hall, looks both ways, then comes back into the bedroom.

Frank's attitude is different now. No longer the rubber-necking tourist, his eyes roam constantly, seeing everything, fixing on nothing for long. Watching.

Frank lies down on the bed, which is positioned to give a view of the water. Frank's gaze swivels along the line between the hall door, the bed, and the glass door. The bed is exposed on both sides. Frank hops up and moves the bed nearer to another, sheltered wall.

Frank sits down at a small desk and opens the file folder. It contains letters of every size and condition. Some are scrawled, some typed, some assembled from cut-outs. Many are soiled and torn, others immaculate. Occasionally one will have a photo of Rachel with crude markings on it.

Frank goes through them quickly, with an expert eye, flipping them by the corner of each page. He makes two stacks. Most letters go on the bigger stack after a glance, but Frank pauses to read a few more carefully, then puts them on the smaller pile.

Frank's hand stops in midair. His head turns toward the glass door.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Fletcher, seven, is standing outside, watching Frank. Frank regards the frail, little, nut-brown figure for a moment, then gathers the letters into the folder and flips it shut. He crosses to the door and slides it open.

FLETCHER
Hi!

FRANK
Hi.

FLETCHER
I'm Fletcher.

FRANK
(smiling)
I'm Frank. Nice to meet you.

Fletcher steps into the room. He is carrying a model sailboat.

FLETCHER
What were you doing?

FRANK
Paperwork. Have you been sailing that boat?

Frank opens his suitcase on the bed and begins putting shirts into a dresser drawer.

FLETCHER
Yes, in the pool. Do you like boats?

FRANK
No. I don't like boats.

FLETCHER
You don't! Why not?

FRANK
Oh, I don't know.

FLETCHER
Sure you do, but you don't want to tell me.

FRANK
You're a smart kid.

Fletcher nods.

FRANK
I'll tell you. One time I was stuck on a boat with some people for four months.

FLETCHER
A lifeboat?

FRANK
Nope. A big white yacht.

FLETCHER
(thinks about this)
We have a sailboat, and I love it.

FRANK
I guess you've never been seasick.

Frank returns to his unpacking. Fletcher watches him a moment in silence.

FLETCHER
You're the bodyguard, aren't you?

Frank is surprised.

FRANK
What do you know about it?

FLETCHER
I've got ears.

Frank smiles at him.

FRANK
I'll remember that.

EXT. MEADOW (VARIOUS SHOTS) DAY

The fortification of the house begins as Frank, Merton, and a FENCE CONTRACTOR walk the grounds. Frank talks and points, the Contractor makes notes on a clipboard. Merton raises his eyebrows; the Contractor nods approvingly. The surveying party angles across the meadow, cutting between the house and a large hemlock, which stands alone in the open.

EXT. POOL AREA, MARRON GROUNDS DAY

Fletcher stands at the edge of the pool, staring down across the last slope of the lawn.

FLETCHER'S P.O.V. Frank, Merton, and the Fence Contractor are out on the dock looking back at the shoreline on each side.

Rachel appears beside Fletcher, looks down there too, then leads her son purposefully away. Fletcher isn't happy about it.

INT. MARRON HOUSE (VARIOUS SHOTS) DAY

Frank tours the house with Ellen and an ALARM CONTRACTOR. Frank opens various doors, fidgets with locking mechanisms, dictates. The Contractor marks up a plan of the house. Ellen is very helpful, moving plants for access to window latches.

Frank reaches the front door. One of the St. Bernards is sleeping against it. Frank tugs at the door, but the dog won't budge. They have to skid the dog away, Ellen pulling on the collar, Frank pushing on the rump.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, F.B.I. SEATTLE OFFICE DAY

The room is dark. An opaque projector throws an image onto a screen; it is a handwritten letter threatening the life of Rachel Marron. We HEAR three VOICES. One is Frank's; the other two belong to SPECIAL AGENTS RAY COURT AND TERRY MINELLA.

MINELLA (O.S.)
This dude's just getting his rocks off. Look at that drawing of the bullet.

COURT (O.S.)
(laughs)
Frank, Terry claims to have a master's degree in psychology, but I think he got it off a matchbook cover.

MINELLA (O.S.)
(referring to the letter)
Basically, we'd say no problem. It was mailed in Chicago.

FRANK (O.S.)
Okay.

That letter is replaced on the screen by a pasted-up threat with a familiar look.

MARRON BITCH - I'M GOING TO
BLOW YOUR STACK! YOU'VE STUCK
YOUR BIG NOSE...

Reading as fast as possible, we pick up some vicious threats and obscenities, but we don't have time to read it all before we CUT TO:

Frank's face illuminated by the screen.

COURT (O.S.)
This is another of the ones like the note with the bottle. Lots of work went into it. No prints. We're doing lab work on it.

Minella's face is illuminated above the projector.

MINELLA
This "blow your stack" business is natural with the record and the publicity and all.

The projector light goes off and the room light goes on. RAY COURT, a heavy-set, career civil servant, raises the window shade. Sunlight streams in. On Court's lapel is a tiny P.T. Boat pin.

TERRY MINELLA, a slight, dark 35-year-old, offers Frank a cigarette; Frank declines, Minella lights up.

MINELLA
You've got standard mail procedure now?

FRANK
(nods)
Everybody knows.

MINELLA
Residential security?

FRANK
In the works.

Court lights a cigarette and speaks familiarly to Frank.

COURT
I sort of lost track of you after the R.F.K. thing.

FRANK
Yeah.

COURT
How is the private stuff?

FRANK
Fine.

COURT
Big money, huh?

FRANK
Yeah. Ray, why am I getting all this cooperation?

COURT
Your funny lady has powerful friends in government.

MINELLA
Politics and show business are the same thing these days.

FRANK
I appreciate it.

COURT
Well, old buddy, we're on the job.

FRANK
How much?

COURT
It's not full-time, but it's close.

Frank is surprised at this.

MINELLA
Have you got any crowd photos we can use?

Frank shakes his head "no".

COURT
You've got someone for the future?

FRANK
(nods)
But I'm trying to keep her away from crowds.

COURT
Good luck.

EXT. MEADOW, MARRON GROUNDS DAY

A work crew is stretching chain-link fencing on posts along the route Frank surveyed. They are moving out into the meadow.

CHICKEN HOUSE

The chicken house is solar heated, a miniature of the main house. Rachel is inside the wire enclosure, squishing around in the mud as she feeds the chickens. She wears high rubber boots.

Fletcher sits on the grass nearby, looking up meadow at the noisy activity. He is fascinated.

Rachel comes out of the chicken house, carrying a basket of eggs. She sees that Fletcher is watching the construction, and it bothers her.

RACHEL
Fletcher! C'mon. Let's eat.

Fletcher moves slowly, reluctantly. Rachel takes another look at the construction. Suddenly she starts out there. She passes Fletcher, who is only too glad to follow her to the activity.

OUT IN THE MEADOW

Rachel comes up to Frank and the Fence Contractor.

RACHEL
This is where the fence goes, huh?

Frank nods, sensing trouble.

RACHEL
And where's the nearest gate?

FRANK
There'll be just one at the drive and one at the dock.

RACHEL
And how exactly will we get to the tree?

Rachel points up meadow, behind Frank, to the hemlock.

FRANK
Do we need to get to the tree?

RACHEL
That tree is one of the main reasons I bought this place. That's the most beautiful hemlock on Bainbridge Island. I sit under it and listen. It talks. And it's pretty funny.

Rachel glances at the fence crew.

RACHEL
It helps me keep my head when all about me are losing theirs.

FRANK
Let me talk to my fence man.

RACHEL
Do that. Otherwise I'll talk to my demolition man.

FLETCHER
My pirate chest is buried up there.

FRANK
Your pirate chest is up there? I'm glad you told me. I was going to bury mine up there.

FLETCHER
No way, José. It's taken!

Fletcher flashes Frank a delighted smile and is gone toward the tree. Rachel has been watching them.

FRANK
No way, José?

RACHEL
I don't want my son playing in a yard with more steel than wood in it. Learning aggressive thinking.

FRANK
This is defensive thinking.

Rachel glances at the completed portion of the fence.

RACHEL
How tall is that thing?

FRANK
Ten feet.

Rachel winces.

RACHEL
God! Will it have strands of barbed wire on top, like in The Great Escape?

FRANK
They use concertina razor tape now...
(Rachel grimaces)
...but we're not getting any.

RACHEL
Can't the country that put a man on the moon keep one out of my house without a ten-foot fence?

FRANK
(nodding)
Sure, there are other ways, and we're getting those too. You'll be getting the bills soon. The fence is mainly for looks - just seeing it stops most of our uninvited visitors. It does most of its work simply be being here. Just like me. A scarecrow.

EXT. MARRON HOUSE NIGHT

Frank is moving quietly in the shadow of the house, making a late-night check. He rounds a corner and stops.

Ahead of him Ellen sits on a doorstep, working in a pool of porchlight. She is scraping mud from Rachel's rubber boots with a knife. She does not notice Frank.

Ellen finishes the second boot and sets it beside the first, then adjusts them both to a life-like stance. She

sits on the step, knife in hand, staring at the boots. She does not move for a long time. A very long time.

From the shadows Frank watches silently.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- RACHEL'S ROUTINE/FRANK'S ROUTINE

Rachel in various settings, going about her life. And Frank is always there. He is her shadow and her screen: everyone and everything that moves into Rachel's immediate environment must pass Frank.

A. At the Pike Place Market in Seattle, Rachel and Ellen browse amongst crabs and octopi. Frank serves as a shopping cart, laden with packages.

B. In a large record store, Rachel sits amidst stacks of her records, signing albums and joking with the crowd. Frank stands directly behind her.

C. At Rachel's exercise class, Frank is the only man in the room. The women steal curious peeks at him. Rachel ignores him vigorously.

D. In the Eddie Bauer store, Rachel has picked an armload of colorful cross-country ski clothes. Frank leans casually against a wall.

RACHEL
(holding up very functional long johns)
Whoo-whee! Après-ski!
(to a Clerk)
This is enough. Let me try it on.

Rachel begins to step into a changing booth, then stops dramatically. She speaks to Frank.

RACHEL
(indicating the open booth)
Farmer, do you want to come in here with me, just to be safe?

Frank looks at her.

EXT. SHORELINE, MARRON GROUNDS NIGHT

A light breeze moves in the firs. The moon is shining on the waters of the inlet. Small wind waves slap gently

against the rocks.

VERY CLOSE on a rock at the water's edge. A fisherman's wading boot, dripping wet, steps onto the rock. Then the other boot. As he MOVES AWAY FROM CAMERA, we SEE the back of a MAN wearing fisherman's clothes and a sailor's watch cap. He carries a fishing rod.

FENCE

The Man moves carefully parallel to the fence. Although we never see his face, it is clear the Man is examining the fence closely. He looks up.

THE MAN'S P.O.V. Near the top of the fence hangs a small grey box. Grey wires run out of it and along the fence in both directions.

The Man comes to a corner of the fence. Several small shrubs partially screen the space inside the corner.

The Man puts his left hand close to the fence and cups it to support the tip of his fishing rod. As he does so, WE SEE his elegant wristwatch. The timepiece has been built into an antique gold coin. The rod slides over his hand and through the fence, but does not touch it. The tip of the rod probes the nearest shrub, moving a branch.

THE MAN'S P.O.V. Behind the shrub are two black metal boxes, pointing both ways out of the corner.

The Man lets the branch move gently back into place, withdraws the rod, and moves off.

GULLY

The Man comes to the edge of a gully, where a small creek runs under the fence and into the inlet. There is a narrow space between the bottom of the fence and the water.

The Man steps down into the gully outside the fence and squats low. Again he reaches carefully through the fence with his fishing rod, but this time the tip flicks at fallen leaves in the stream bed. Abruptly he stops.

THE MAN'S P.O.V. The tip of the rod has uncovered a small patch of brown plastic. The tip flicks delicately sideways: the plastic continues in a broad strip across the gully.

The Man is only a silhouette as he faces the fence, but it is enough to SEE his head turn to look both ways along the

fence. Then he nods. It is the nod of a man finding no fault in a piece of work, very impressed.

SERIES OF SHOTS - RACHEL'S ROUTINE/FRANK'S ROUTINE

A. Frank is reading an old National Geographic in a waiting room. A dentist ushers Rachel out of the inner office. Frank hurriedly flips through the last few pictures in the article while Rachel says goodbye.

B. Rachel is coaching a small improvisation group of aspirant comics. Frank sits at the back of the rehearsal hall, watching her. She loves the work.

C. Rachel holds the tiller of her boat, the MARRONER, a graceful thirty-odd feet of teak deck and sea green hull. Frank sits on the floatation cushions alongside her. Rachel glances at Frank, amused by his near-nausea. He is not exactly green, but his jaw is set, and his eyes are locked on the horizon.

RACHEL
(casually)
You should see the waves outside the Sound, Farmer. Even in good weather, there's that North Pacific swell... up and down, up and down, up and down. And when it really blows up...

Rachel is looking at Frank's hand on the edge of the well. His grip tightens.

INT. THE GREEN REVOLUTION RESTAURANT (WINSLOW) DAY

The restaurant overlooks the small marina. The main feature is an enormous fruit salad bar in a bower of vegetation. There is some danger of confusing foliage and food.

Rachel is seated at a table with a woman of about forty, an INTERVIEWER from Newsweek. The Interviewer makes notes now and then. Rachel is working enthusiastically on half a melon.

Frank and Shelley are at the next table. Frank is picking carefully at a tangle of sprouts and greens. Shelley is listening intently to the interview.

RACHEL
...so then I had to point out that the plant was operated by Tacoma Smelting and Refining, whereas Mt. St. Helens is operated by God.

The Interviewer nods, smiling, and begins to note this down. Rachel waits a beat.

RACHEL
And next week I'm taking a meeting with Him.

The Interviewer's pen stops, and she laughs. She looks up at Rachel.

INTERVIEWER
Are you worried you'll be less popular, now that you're more political?

RACHEL
I'm not political.

INTERVIEWER
Rachel, "Blow Your Stack!" is scrawled on factory walls all over America. It's a bumper sticker, a lapel pin. You brought down the walls of the Tacoma Smelter. Tell me about that.

RACHEL
Well, like a lot of activism, it started with money.
(a quick smile)
I just kept doing what I'd always done, shooting my mouth off, but they insisted on paying me more and more. So I bought a house up in the Cascades, a beautiful place. But as I was watching my first sunset, I saw this plume of smoke rising across the sun. It was always there. I decided to track it down.

INTERVIEWER
Was there already protest?

RACHEL
Oh, sure. I just happened to come in on the end of it. After they found arsenic in hair samples from people who lived downwind, the pressure built up. The company was definitely violating the standards. We said clean it up. They said the equipment was too expensive and proposed making their smokestacks higher, so the pollution would be spread thinner but wider. Classic corporate logic. That was so outrageous, we had a rally outside the smelter and invited the media.

INTERVIEWER
And everybody in America saw you on T.V. doing your version of Lincoln...

RACHEL
Not my most subtle work.
(quoting)
"You can kill all of the people some of the time; you can kill some of the people all of the time; but you can't kill all of the people all of the time."

INTERVIEWER
So they caved in?

RACHEL
Not just like that. But finally they chose to close up rather than clean up. Now the people in Tacoma have arsenic-free hair, and I have smoke-free sunsets. Which is all I wanted in the first place.
(watches the Interviewer write)
I'm just a simple country girl. Ah shucks... Wait a minute, the "Ah shucks" is supposed to come at the beginning of the sentence, isn't it?

INTERVIEWER
(smiles)
A simple country girl who's going 3,000 miles to do a free benefit for the feminist conference in Boston.

RACHEL
Hey, that show is the only way I could get into Radcliffe.

INTERVIEWER
What about the people who say you're becoming an activist gadfly?

RACHEL
(looking down at her melon)
I prefer to think I'm becoming an active fruitfly.
(she looks up sharply)
Who are "the people who say"? You guys are always quoting them.

INTERVIEWER
You seem uncomfortable talking about who you are.

RACHEL
Who? Me? Uncomfortable? Ha, Ha. Me? Just because after thirty years of living in this skin, I don't have any idea who the hell I am? What makes you think I'm uncomfortable?
(she looks out at the water)
Listen, babe, I'm not called the Princess of Confusion for nothing.

INTERVIEWER
Who calls you that?

RACHEL
I do.

The Interviewer makes some quick notes. Rachel looks over at the next table.

RACHEL
Farmer, anything you want to tell Newsweek?

Frank says nothing. He has not made much headway with his salad.

RACHEL
Why so glum? No red meat here?

EXT. RESTAURANT (PARKING LOT) DAY

Rachel and the Interviewer shake hands. Shelley escorts the Interviewer in the direction of the ferry terminal. Frank and Rachel head toward Rachel's car. Frank stays very close.

PARKING LANE

A teen-aged GIRL darts into their path and approaches Rachel. Rachel glances at Frank, who has stopped with her, then signs an autograph for the Girl.

Frank and Rachel reach her Volvo sedan. Frank holds the door for Rachel, looking around. Rachel slides into the car.

RACHEL
I'm surprised you didn't plug her.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALL, HARVARD DAY

Frank stands at the edge of the stage with the SECURITY CHIEF, a cheerful, white-haired man in uniform. Frank looks around the old hall.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Rows of empty seats, leading back to numerous aisle doors. The balcony, receding into shadow even in daylight. The wings, where scenery and curtains make dark caves. The flies above, a gloomy maze of cat-walks and cables.

The Security Chief is beaming proudly.

SECURITY CHIEF
Well, Mr. Farmer, what you think?

FRANK
It's not my kind of place.

SECURITY CHIEF
We know all about security. Kissinger has spoken here.

Frank steps out to center stage and looks around. The nakedness of this spot gets to him. He shakes his head and looks at the Security Chief.

FRANK
What a silly job this is.

DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT

The hall is filled to capacity and a bit beyond. The ushers have given up trying to keep students off the floor in the aisles and down in front. Rows of folding chairs have been squeezed onto the stage behind Rachel. She is in the spot-light with a tall stool and a floor mike.

RACHEL
Women have always been active in certain causes. The causes change with time, of course - you know, in one E.R.A. and out the other...

Applause.

RACHEL
But these days some women are fighting for the right to a voice in other issues. Issues that don't really concern them. Things like abortion...

The crowd roars; Rachel looks puzzled, shrugs, and goes on.

RACHEL
Not all women feel the same...
(she grins lasciviously)
...anymore than all men feel the same.

There are groans from the audience. Rachel straightens herself with dignity.

RACHEL
You people are so...low. Honest to God.
(laughter)
What I meant, of course, is that women, like men, cover the ideological spectrum. The other day I saw a lady whose car had a bumper sticker designed to offend any liberal.

She pauses expertly for the anticipation to build.

RACHEL
(quoting)
"Nuke gay whales."

The laughter swells. The audience is hers. All eyes are on her, except...

CORNER RIGHT FRONT OF STAGE

One person does not look at Rachel. He stands easily in the shadows. His eyes continually scanning. Picking up every movement. All alone. Watching.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Rachel has been wowing them for an hour and a half and is now wrapping it up.

RACHEL
...so then I had to point out that the plant was operated by Tacoma Smelting and Refining, whereas Mt. St. Helens is operated by God.

The crowd loves it. Rachel gets off the stool while she waits. Perfect timing.

RACHEL
And next week I'm taking a meeting with Her.

This brings the house to its feet. Rachel blends her acknowledging nods into what are clearly farewell bows. The applause swells. Rachel smiles and leans close to the microphone.

RACHEL
Thank you. It's really been good to be here.

She gestures to the people seated on the stage behind her.

RACHEL
Especially with someone to back me up for a change.

The crowd roars, Rachel bows once more, and leaves them laughing.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, UNIVERSITY HALL NIGHT

Merton and Frank are working the door. Rachel is graciously accepting the congratulations of well-wishers who crowd the tiny room. JULIA FISHER appears in the doorway. She exudes good humor and a certain earthiness. She looks Frank over once, then turns to Merton.

JULIA
Hello, Merton. Long time no see.

Before Merton can reply, Rachel catches sight of Julia.

RACHEL
Julia! Julia! Come here!

Julia gives Merton a "later" wave and pushes through the crowd. She and Rachel embrace.

JULIA
I've missed you.

RACHEL
You look great.

JULIA
You've gotten better.

RACHEL
You were here for the show?

JULIA
Honey, I've been here all week. Writers, unlike comediennes, can not afford to cross the country for just one event. If I hear any more dead-serious feminist rhetoric, I'm going to scream. Your show was the second best thing that's happened to me all week.

RACHEL
Who is he?

JULIA
I was on a panel called "Humor in the Women's Movement"...I cited you extensively...And afterwards this man came up to me...this beautiful man... and made some very complimentary remarks. We had a few drinks, and one thing led to another.

RACHEL
And another, and another. I know your heart. Or your...

JULIA
(cutting her off; with dignity)
Although it is true that this gentleman gives a fantastic massage, and has a terrific body, it's not all physical. He's a writer. As yet unpublished. You'll meet him tonight.

EXT. LIBAW HOUSE (CAMBRIDGE) NIGHT

The huge house looks like a Nantucket sea captain's house brought inland. A wide covered porch runs all the way

around the ground floor. At the back, the lawn slopes down to the banks of the Charles River.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, LIBAW HOUSE NIGHT

A uniformed SECURITY GUARD with a clipboard is stopping all the guests. When their names have been checked, they walk past another GUARD wielding a metal detector. No one likes it, but they all do it.

Julia steps up to the metal detector and smiles at the Guard as he waves it around her. She is cleared and steps into the hall as her companion moves into view --

STANTON is about thirty-five, handsome and bearded. Lithe and strong, with no fat on his body, he moves with easy grace. As the Guard buzzes around him, Stanton is still, hands at his sides.

FRONT PARLOR

Julia and Stanton come into the crowded room. Julia looks around and sees Merton on the window seat of a bay window, deep in conversation with a lovely black woman. Julia speaks to Stanton, then heads toward Merton. Stanton moves to the bar, gets a drink and turns to scan the room. He finds himself face-to-face with Frank.

FRANK
Stanton.

STANTON
Hello, Farmer.

FRANK
It's been a while. You on the job?

STANTON
No, I'm trying something new. Writing a book about my adventures. You didn't know I could write, did you?

Frank shakes his head "no". Stanton smiles.

STANTON
Neither do I. But I'm going to give it a shot.

Frank looks out over the crowd.

FRANK
You here with anybody?

STANTON
Sure, a feminist. Isn't everyone?
(he chuckles)
About a year ago I got a call. An Italian. He said you'd recommended me.
(Frank nods)
I appreciate it. I had to turn it down. But I appreciate it.

Frank acknowledges this. Applause begins, grows.

DOORWAY

Rachel has made her entrance and is posing, self-mocking, accepting the applause. She is wearing a caftan and has succeeded in underdressing everyone in the room. And she looks terrific. She's a star.

RACHEL
Thank you. Thank you. You're so right.

The crowd laughs. PROFESSOR LIBAW, a trim woman in her fifties, has appeared beside Rachel.

PROF. LIBAW
Ladies and gentlemen, I want to announce that the receipts from Rachel's show have put the conference in the black.

The crowd applauds, but Rachel hushes them, putting her hand on Professor Libaw's arm.

RACHEL
We all know that there wouldn't have been any conference to put in the black without Helen Libaw. Why, a man couldn't have done it any better!

There is laughter, more applause. Professor Libaw guides Rachel into the crowd, making introductions as they go.

DISSOLVE TO:

DINING ROOM/PARLOR LATER

The party is in full swing. Rachel and Stanton are in the dining room, working their way along the buffet table, peering and sampling. Rachel is wound up, still charged from performing. She reaches for another hors d'oeuvre and almost drops it.

RACHEL
Jesus, I'm wired! I'm glad I'm going home.

STANTON
(sympathetically)
Touring can be murder.

Rachel nods, munching,then speaks casually.

RACHEL
Did I hear you say you knew Farmer?

STANTON
(absorbed in the food)
Yes.

RACHEL
When he was in the Secret Service?

STANTON
No, later.

RACHEL
Where?

STANTON
Around.

RACHEL
Look, if you're going to talk my ear off about this --

STANTON
(smiling)
You want to know about Frank Farmer?

RACHEL
I have to. My son idolizes him. I had to find out who Darth Vader was so I could talk to the kid. This is the same thing. I've got to get a handle on this guy.

Rachel glances into the parlor.

RACHEL'S P.O.V. Frank is standing easily where he has a view of both rooms. His gaze crosses Rachel's, then moves on, scanning.

STANTON
Is there somewhere we can talk?

Rachel grasps Stanton's left hand and pulls him after her. His elegant wristwatch is revealed: it has been made from an antique gold coin.

Rachel leads the way through the dining room door out to the hall.

STAIRWAY

Rachel is going up the stairs ahead of Stanton. He looks back through the parlor door.

STANTON'S P.O.V. Frank is looking the other way.

Stanton looks up at Rachel's back and follows her.

PARLOR

Frank is still looking the other way, but he has a VIEW IN A MIRROR. He watches Rachel and Stanton disappear up the stairs.

Frank goes out into the hall and down to the door onto the back porch.

BEDROOM

The only light is from a bedside lamp. Rachel is face down on the bed, her shoes off, the caftan still on. Stanton is leaning over her, massaging the small of her back.

RACHEL
You've gotta believe me, I didn't bring you up here for this.

STANTON
Stop apologizing, all you're getting is a massage.

RACHEL
Listen, this is better than most sex I've had.
(she winces with pleasure)
Oh God, that's it! Julia was right about you.

STANTON
You're tight as a cord.

RACHEL
Go on about Farmer. I promise not to interrupt with any more ecstatic groans. I can't believe this. A month ago I'd never laid eyes on a bodyguard. Now I know two.

STANTON
I'm a writer now.

RACHEL
Right, sorry. One bodyguard, one ex. You were saying--

STANTON
Farmer is very good. He has respect. They talk about him.

Rachel interrupts with an ecstatic groan.

STANTON
He knows that life-saving and life-taking are very close, the line is thin. To protect lives, you have to make a study of killing.

RACHEL
How depressing. Is that why you quit?

STANTON
Something like that. I'm going to get this light out of your eyes. You'll like it better in the dark.

RACHEL
(face in the pillow, chuckling)
Remember, you said just a massage.

Stanton reaches for the switch on the lamp. The light goes out.

BACK PORCH

Frank looks around at the moonlit porch, then out over the lawn to the river. It is cold but peaceful and quiet. A relief. Frank leans against a post.

BEDROOM

The bed is bathed in moonlight as Stanton works up Rachel's back, kneading through the thin fabric of the caftan with powerful hands. Rachel moans a little.

Stanton's hands move up over Rachel's shoulders and along the muscles of the neck. He reaches beneath the hair and caresses the sides of her throat. Rachel makes a low, purring noise. She has finally unwound.

Stanton sets himself. He begins to shift his weight forward onto his arms. His fingers knead Rachel's throat more firmly. He is about to kill her.

The bedroom door opens and Julia slips in. She comes over beside Stanton and puts a hand on his shoulder affectionately. She speaks to Rachel quietly.

JULIA
Didn't I tell you he was good?

RACHEL
(barely audible)
Heaven.

BACK PORCH

Frank stares out at the river, totally divorced from everything in the house behind him, in the world around him. There is only the moon and the river. For this one moment, his guard is down.

INT. FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM (CAMBRIDGE) NIGHT

3:00 A.M. A light tapping at the door. Frank opens his eyes, squints at his watch, grabs a pair of pants, and goes

toward the door.

FRANK

Yeah.

RACHEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's me.

Frank pulls his pants up, opens the door. Rachel is bundled up in a down parka. Frank immediately glances each way along the hall.

RACHEL

I'm sorry to wake you. I've got to take a walk.

Frank yawns.

FRANK

Terrific. Okay. Come in for a minute. You should've called. I asked you not to walk the halls.

Rachel indicates the door to her suite directly across the hall.

RACHEL

So who's walking the halls?

EXT. BRATTLE STREET (CAMBRIDGE) NIGHT

Not much activity. It's cold. Rachel and Frank walk slowly along. Frank seems to be having more trouble keeping warm.

FRANK

This is a helluva topic.

RACHEL

I'm interested.

FRANK

If someone's willing to swap his life for a kill, nothing can stop him.

RACHEL

That's comforting. What do I need you for?

FRANK

He might get me instead.

RACHEL
And you're ready to die for me?

FRANK
That's the job.

RACHEL
You'd do that for $1500 a week?

FRANK
I can't tell jokes.

RACHEL
Doesn't make sense. If I were making $1500 a week--or ten grand a week, it wouldn't be worth it. At the crucial moment I'd cop out.

FRANK
That happens.

RACHEL
But not with you?

FRANK
It happens.

Rachel looks at him. He hops for warmth, hugs himself.

FRANK
Christ, it's cold!

RACHEL
(friendly)
Quit bitchin'. We're going home.

FRANK
I'm not bitchin', I'm freezin'.

EXT. MEADOW, MARRON GROUNDS DAY

Shelley's station wagon comes through the gate and stops on the driveway. Rachel jumps out to meet Fletcher, who is running from the hemlock. Frank gets out of the car behind her.

Fletcher drops the garden trowel he was carrying and flings his muddy arms around Rachel. She hugs him back and kisses him, stroking his hair.

Fletcher suddenly turns and hugs Frank. Frank and Rachel exchange looks over his head. Fletcher lets go, picks up his trowel, takes Frank's hand, and leads him toward the tree, talking animatedly. Rachel watches them go.

EXT. DOCK, MARRON GROUNDS DUSK

The light is fading on the water. A few sailboats slip by, their cabin lights golden. Frank is checking the light at the end of the dock.

Rachel, in a bright sweatsuit, comes jogging down the dock toward him. When she reaches him and stops to talk, she keeps pumping her legs a little, even though it's clear she's only been running a minute.

RACHEL
Hey!

FRANK
Hey.

RACHEL
You're probably wondering what I'm doing.
(Frank nods)
You didn't know I jogged, did you?
(Frank shakes his head)
You'd probably rather I didn't jog, would you?
(Frank nods)
'Fraid I'll get picked off in my snazzy running suit?

FRANK
No. I'm afraid I'll have to jog with you.

Rachel smiles, still pumping.

RACHEL
So you're against it?
(Frank smiles)
Great. I guess I can't do it.

Rachel stops pumping, gasps for air, and for one moment, rests a hand on Frank's arm to support herself. She removes it quickly. They walk along the dock.

RACHEL
My voice teacher gave me this outfit. Thought it would help my wind. But I hate running. It hurts, you know?
(Frank knows)
So I just put on the suit every once in a while. I think it's helping.

Frank laughs. They reach the gate and pause while Frank locks it. When Rachel speaks, she sounds genuinely unsure of herself, nervous. It's very appealing. And if it's an act, she's a terrific actress.

RACHEL
Farmer...I have this problem. This minor little problem. You see, I'd like to go out for an evening. Just me and a guy. You know...
(makes a funny face)
...like a "date". But I can't go out on a date because you have to be with me every minute. I mean,what if he asked me up to his place afterwards? Are you going to come too?
(a beat)
I always wondered what those Presidential daughters did about that.
(shrugs, a glance at him)
So the only thing I can figure is for you to take me out.
(pause)
So...that's what I was wondering... you know. What do you think? But only if you want to.

Frank is bemused.

RACHEL
Only if you want to...I'm not so bad...
(looks at him)
God, this is embarrassing. I'm gonna run up ahead there. You decide.

She runs up the hill to the pool area. He walks up after her.

POOL AREA

She is leaning against a chaise lounge, gasping for air as he reaches the pool.

RACHEL
(between gasps)
I'll wear a bag over my head if you want.

FRANK
That's won't be necessary.

Rachel smiles at his acceptance, very pleased.

EXT. MARRON HOUSE DUSK

Seen from outside the glass wall of the living room, Ellen's face peers between two of the insulating blinds.

ELLEN'S P.O.V. Frank and Rachel are talking by the pool. They are obviously friendly.

Ellen watches them, her expression neutral. She does not move.

EXT. BROADWAY THEATRE (EDGE OF U. OF WASHINGTON CAMPUS)

NIGHT

Frank and Rachel exit with a small crowd. Rachel wears a scarf and tinted glasses and the combination goes a long way toward disguising her. They pause at one of the display windows. Inside is a poster for the movie, Yojimbo, a large picture of Toshiro Mifune as a Samurai, looking scruffy and fierce.

RACHEL
Well, he didn't look like he wanted to die to me.

FRANK
(laughs)
There's a big difference between wanting to die and have no fear of death.

They walk down the sidewalk.

RACHEL
And because he had no fear of death, he was invincible.

FRANK
No. No one is invincible.

RACHEL
But it helped?

FRANK
What do you think?

Rachel
Well, he sure creamed them all at the end.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, MARRON HOUSE NIGHT

The inside of the front door. A St. Bernard is sleeping against it. We HEAR a key CLICK in the lock. The door handle turns, but the door barely moves.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Oh, God. It's Beulah again. Help me.

We HEAR a little SCUFFLE, then the door begins to swing slowly open, skidding the dog over the polished wood floor. There is finally enough of an opening for Rachel, then Frank to slip through. They look down at Beulah.

FRANK
It's an unusual tactic for a guard dog, but effective.

Rachel laughs, then claps a hand to her mouth.

RACHEL
(stage whisper)
They're all asleep.

Frank is locking the door. When he turns, Rachel is very close.

RACHEL
I had a very nice evening, Mr. Farmer.
(Frank smiles)
Good night, Mr. Farmer.

Rachel moves up to him and kisses him. She goes down the hall. Frank steps carefully over Beulah and goes the other way.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM NIGHT

Frank has taken off his shirt, shoes, and socks. There is a light knock on the door. Frank opens it. Rachel is there, wearing a robe. After a beat, Frank steps aside. Rachel comes into his room. Frank closes the door. He watches her move quietly around the room, looking at his things. There is not much to look at. His gun and keys are on the night stand. Rachel looks down at the gun for a moment, then picks up the key ring and examines it. There is a small medallion attached, which has an image of the White House on it.

RACHEL
Why'd you leave the Secret Service?

FRANK
Money.

Rachel looks around at Frank's modest effects.

RACHEL
I can see your tastes are extravagant.

She looks back down at the gun, fascinated. She pokes at it.

RACHEL
There's a school of thought that suggests that guns are penis substitutes.

FRANK
That's what it's always been for me.

RACHEL
(smiles)
Tell me, have you ever seen a problem solved with violence?

FRANK
I think violence is one of our problems, but I don't know how to solve it.

Frank sits down on the edge of the bed. Rachel looks at him a long moment. She speaks quietly.

RACHEL
You were with Bobby Kennedy?

FRANK
I was assigned to him. I watched him, I listened to him. When they wanted to rotate me, I quit the Service and stayed with him.

RACHEL
To the end?

FRANK
(far away)
He was one hard case.

Rachel sits on the other side of the bed.

RACHEL
You must have believed in what he was saying.

FRANK
There's no response to a bullet.

Rachel is silent a moment. She lies back on her side of the bed and stretches languorously. Then she cranes her head toward the glass door.

RACHEL
With the bed over here, you can't see the water.

FRANK
(looking down at her)
I'm not getting paid to admire the view.

RACHEL
Fletcher thinks you're a hero.

FRANK
He'll get over it.

RACHEL
I wasn't happy to see him drawn to you. But I figured, well, he hasn't got a father. Then I started to feel it, too, and I remembered: I haven't got a husband.

Frank looks down into her eyes. He speaks gently, regretfully.

FRANK
Rachel, I don't want to get confused about what I'm doing here.

RACHEL
(smiling)
Are you confused about what we're doing here?

FRANK
This is not the way to do my job.

Rachel sits up to look at him head-on.

RACHEL
I'm offering you my body, and you're giving me professional ethics?

FRANK
I need to be back a little way, or I can't see what's going on. I can't protect you.

Rachel hesitates. She doesn't like this, but finally she accepts it. She gets off the bed and goes to the door.

RACHEL
You're no fun.

She goes out. Frank looks over at his gun.

EXT. MOUNTAINS, OLYMPIC PENINSULA DAY

The crisp light of early morning. Below a range of snow-capped peaks, three figures move among the trees on a lower slope.

TREES

Rachel, Ellen, and Frank are gliding over the sparkling snow on cross-country skis. Rachel and Ellen are wearing identical down vests and ski caps, all of high-visibility orange. Rachel's ski pants are white, Ellen's brown. Both women wear sunglasses against the glare.

Rachel and Ellen are very much at home on the skis. Though not a complete stranger to skis, Frank is still working on the peculiar, extended stride of cross-country. His eyes

continually scan the open woodland. Rachel is setting a stiff pace uphill, moving well ahead of Frank and Ellen.

FRANK
Rachel! Hold up!

Rachel halts reluctantly. Ellen waits for Frank, and they both move toward Rachel.

ELLEN
(to Rachel, jovially)
He's getting the hang of it.
He's good at everything.

RACHEL
(frostily)
I wouldn't have any idea
about that.

Ellen reacts to Rachel's tone and looks thoughtfully at Frank, but he is scanning the woods.

FRANK
(to Rachel)
Don't get so far ahead.

RACHEL
Don't get so far behind.

She starts off again briskly.

DISSOLVE TO:

HEAVIER WOODS — LATER

Frank is in the lead now. He has picked up the knack of the stride quickly. We begin to HEAR the angry BUZZ OF MOTORS.

LOWER EDGE OF CLEARING

Frank comes to the end of a stand of trees. His eyes sweep the tree line ringing the open space ahead. He stops abruptly.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Movement between the tree trunks along the side of the clearing.

Frank gestures to Rachel and Ellen to stay in the last fringe of cover. Rachel gives Ellen a long-suffering look. THE SOUND OF MOTORS gets louder.

HALFWAY UP THE CLEARING

Two snowmobiles come out of the trees, each driven by a Hunter. The men wear winter camouflage outfits, but their hats are bright red. Strapped to the snowmobiles are snowshoes and canvas rifle sheaths.

LOWER EDGE OF CLEARING

Ellen puts her hands over her ears as the BUZZ of the snowmobiles reaches its peak. Rachel shouts to Frank.

RACHEL

Hunters!

FRANK

For what?

RACHEL

They're going up high for elk.
Ferocious elk.

Frank watches the snowmobiles angle into the woods again. He does not move. Rachel finally slides past him and into the open. Frank and Ellen follow. Frank is not happy.

ELLEN

They'll be way above us, Frank.
During the season we keep clear.

Frank has caught up with Rachel. He stays very close.

RAVINE AT FOOT OF RIDGE

The snowmobiles are parked at the end of the last gentle slope. The OLDER HUNTER is adjusting his snowshoes. The YOUNGER HUNTER, rifle in hand, is prowling toward the edge of a thicket filling the upper end of the ravine. The Older Hunter looks up.

OLDER HUNTER

Where are you going?

YOUNGER HUNTER

I heard something.

OLDER HUNTER

Probably deer. If you want elk,
boy, you gotta climb.

The Older Hunter starts up the side of the ridge. The Younger Hunter takes one last look at the thicket, then follows.

THICKET

THROUGH THE BUSHES, ANOTHER P.O.V. A HAND is holding a branch down so we can just see the Hunters through the foliage. The hand gently lets the branch up.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL STANTON, next to a snowmobile. Stanton is dressed all in winter camouflage. He wears no warning colors. Cross-country skis are strapped to his back, but he is on snowshoes in the dense growth. In his hand is a rifle.

STEEP SLOPE

Rachel, Ellen and Frank are sidestepping down the open slope. At the bottom is a grove of trees. On the opposite slope is a rock outcrop, shaggy with trees.

OUTCROP

Stanton is lying prone on a boulder that has wedged itself against a huge tree trunk. He finishes patting some snow he has mounded up in front of him. He carefully lowers his rifle barrel onto the mound and slides it back and forth to form a groove. He puts his eye to the telescopic sight.

STANTON'S P.O.V. through the sight with its reticle. The field of view is limited but very clear. It sweeps down the steep slope and picks up Frank. For a moment, Frank seems to be staring right at the scope. But his gaze moves on, searching.

The sight's circle of vision drops a bit. There is one of the women. The bright orange cap and vest are vivid against the snow. But the head is down, watching the slope,concentrating on descending. The field of view moves down over the brown ski pants, and down the slope. Another orange cap and vest, another head down. White ski pants. The view moves back uphill to the first woman. She pauses and lifts her head. It is Ellen. The sight drops rapidly again to Rachel. But, as it reaches her, the tops of the trees at the bottom of the slope also come into view, blocking the line of fire.

Stanton pulls his eye away from the scope with a grimace of frustration. As he snaps the caps back on the scope, he speaks softly to himself.

STANTON
White pants.

STEEP SLOPE

Frank is about to follow Rachel and Ellen into the trees. He pauses to look around.

FRANK'S P.O.V. As we look at all the trees and outcrops and ravines, we feel some of the impossibility of Frank's task.

TOP OF MEADOW

Rachel, Ellen and Frank are looking down over the undulations of a sloping meadow. The snow is unmarked.

RACHEL
Look at that. You know what that makes me want to do?

ELLEN
What?

Rachel is already pushing off downslope.

RACHEL
Race!

Ellen and Frank plunge after her.

BOTTOM OF MEADOW

Just within the line of trees, Stanton carefully winds his left forearm into his rifle sling. He is looking upslope.

STANTON'S P.O.V. The three skiers are coming straight down toward him, one behind the other.

MEADOW

Rachel looks back and sees Ellen gaining on her. Rachel shrieks and tries to put on more steam. Frank is catching up as fast as he can. It's easy on the dips, tough on the rises.

BOTTOM OF MEADOW

Stanton puts his eye to the telescopic sight.

STANTON'S P.O.V. through the sight. At this distance and angle, the powerful lens has a peculiar foreshortening effect. The figures coming downhill seem to pop up into

view as they crest each rise, and to drop straight down as they dip. Only on the crests can the full figure be seen. It is hard to tell what's nearer and what's farther. Now there is only Frank in view, dropping out of sight. The circle of light holds steady, and in a moment, on the same line, an orange cap appears.

VERY CLOSE on Stanton's face pressed to the scope. Air whistles gently in his nostrils as he takes a deep breath, lets it out partially, then holds the rest.

THROUGH THE SCOPE. The figure rises into view, but the face is turned over the shoulder. The rest of the body comes into view. Brown pants.

Stanton lets his breath out. Inhales again, exhales partway, holds it.

MEADOW

Ellen has taken the lead and has just passed over a crest. Rachel is only a bit behind, coming up onto the crest. Frank is just behind and below her.

WE HEAR a distant CRACK!

Frank surges forward and tackles Rachel, pulling her back on his side of the crest, and covering her with his body. He shouts to Ellen on the far side.

FRANK
Get down!

There is a silence. Rachel tries to sit up, but Frank keeps her pinned.

RACHEL
Let me up!

FRANK
(shouting)
Ellen?

ELLEN (O.S.)
Yes.

FRANK
You OK?

ELLEN (O.S.)
Fine.

FRANK
Stay there.

RACHEL
Of course she's fine. She wasn't knocked flat and smothered. Get off me!

Frank rises to a kneeling position, and Rachel sees that there is a gun in his hand. Her eyes widen. She sits up.

RACHEL
(shocked)
You are nuts.

FRANK
That was a rifle. Close.

RACHEL
It was a hunter.

Rachel begins to dust snow from her clothes.

RACHEL
(shouting)
Ellen! Tell this guy how many times...

She trails off. Frank, who is sizing up their position, looks back at her. Tiny, fluffy feathers are drifting from her left side as she pats her vest. She lifts her arm and looks at her side. The quilted orange nylon has been torn open. Rachel's eyes lift to Frank's.

ELLEN (O.S.)
What's going on?

Frank and Rachel snap their heads toward the crest. Ellen's face is just visible over the crest. She is coming to them.

FRANK
Get down!

We HEAR it again: CRACK!

Ellen disappears.

Frank is instantly up to the crest. He flops down in a cloud of snow, gun aiming downhill. His eyes scan the tree line at at the bottom of the meadow.

FRANK'S P.O.V. along the gun barrel. Just trees. Then the SOUND of a body breaking through foliage. Frank's gun points toward the sound as it moves rapidly through the woods. There is nothing to shoot at.

Frank looks behind him. Rachel is still sitting in the snow, looking up at him. Frank turns back to the trees. He wants to give chase, but he does not leave Rachel.

Frank looks down into the dip before him. There is a furrow in the snow all the way down, and in the furrow is a trail of red. Ellen is at the bottom, dead.

In the distance, A SNOWMOBILE MOTOR ROARS to life and buzzes away. The SOUND reverberates from the hills.

ON SOUNDTRACK - AN UNSEEN PRESS CONFERENCE

Over the next scene we hear an unseen press conference, clearly described by its SOUNDS: In a crowded room, scores of reporters and photographers are hard at work trying to get details of the story from Shelley Howe. During which, WE SEE:

INT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT DAY

Frank and Rachel are saying goodbye to Fletcher, Merton and BEN NORRIS, a plainclothes guard who looks as though he has been around. Rachel keeps a hand on Fletcher's shoulder as she talks to Merton, but she is not focused on either of them. She is distracted, scattered.

Merton gestures toward the loading ramp. Rachel gives Fletcher a last hug. She is now clearly fighting for composure. Merton leads Fletcher down the ramp, Norris close behind.

As soon as they are out of sight, Rachel turns toward Frank. She collapses in mid-step.

SHELLEY (V.O.)
These accidents happen all the time during the season.

REPORTER (V.O.)
A source says they were way out in the open.

SHELLEY (V.O.)
What source? A stray shot is a stray shot. I'd be sorry for the man who fired it, if he hadn't run away.

REPORTERS (V.O.)
(many at once)
Shelley! Shelley! Where is she? When will we see her?

SHELLEY (V.O.)
Rachel has cancelled her upcoming dates and is in seclusion. She has cooperated fully with the Sheriff's Office in its investigation, and she will make no further statements to the press.

VARIOUS REPORTERS (V.O.)
Hey, come on, Shelley! Give us a break!

SHELLEY (V.O.)
You already know that Ellen was Rachel's half sister. For the last four years she lived and worked with Rachel. You don't need me to tell you what Rachel feels now.

There are no more questions.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM, MARRON HOUSE NIGHT

The middle of the night. Rachel is sleeping. Suddenly she wakes up with a SCREAM. She twists out of the sheets into a sitting position, her eyes wide. She stabs at the lamp by her bed. She squints in the light, scanning the room. She sits in the bed and tries to calm herself. Her breathing doesn't slow down.

Frank comes in, wearing his pants, carrying his shirt and gun. Rachel reaches for his hand with her trembling one.

RACHEL
I'm sorry. I seem to be...
Don't leave me.

Frank nods and sits in the chair by her bed. Rachel lies down but does not close her eyes, watching him.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAWN

Faint light is coming in the window. Rachel appears to be asleep. Frank goes to the door.

RACHEL
Where are you going?

FRANK
I'm going to take a shower.

RACHEL
(indicating her bathroom)
Use mine.

FRANK
(as though her behavior is reasonable)
I need some clothes.

RACHEL
Someone will get them.

FRANK
You're safe here. I'll be back in twenty minutes.

RACHEL
Please.

Frank shrugs, gives in.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAY

Rachel is awake, but unresponsive to Shelley, who is urging her to eat from a lavish tray of food. Rachel refuses. Frank doesn't enter the negotiation. He just watches.

EXT. BACKYARD, MARRON GROUNDS NIGHT

Frank has escaped. He is talking with a young uniformed GUARD. Suddenly there is a muffled yelling from the house.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Where is he? Frank! Why did he go?

Rachel appears at the sliding glass door of her bedroom, and pushes it open, spotting Frank.

RACHEL
Frank!

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM, MARRON HOUSE NIGHT

Frank is back in his chair. Rachel is lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. It is very quiet.

Suddenly there is an urgent BEEPING noise in the room. Rachel jolts into a sitting position. Frank pulls from his belt a box that looks like a combination paging device and calculator. The display window is flashing the number "9" with each BEEP.

Rachel puts out her hand and opens her mouth to speak, but Frank is gone.

EXT. BACKYARD, MARRON GROUNDS NIGHT

Frank comes out the sliding door from Rachel's room and moves swiftly but silently toward the gully. His gun is in his hand.

Frank is passing the pool when the floodlights go on. He hits the ground instantly, then rolls far enough to peer down the slope.

FRANK'S P.O.V. The young Guard is near the bottom, his hand in a switch box. He looks toward the gully.

In the gully, inside the fence, a dark figure is pressed to the creek bed, like a monstrous amphibian from the inlet, momentarily frozen in the glare. Abruptly the INTRUDER leaps up and runs back toward the opening under the fence. He is carrying something.

The Guard races along the inside of the fence, trying to head the Intruder off.

Frank is up and running with everything he's got, no longer concerned about noise.

The Intruder squirms under the fence and pauses there a moment. Then he crashes off along the shore, slipping and splashing, but fading quickly into the darkness.

Frank reaches the edge of the gully. The Guard is down in the stream bed, hesitating, looking at the space under the fence.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Squarely across the opening is a red metal toolbox. It looks brand new.

Frank flies off the edge of the gully and knocks the Guard flat in the creek, just as the toolbox EXPLODES. Mud and stones rain down on the two men. There is a gaping hole in the chain-link fence.

EXT. POOL AREA, MARRON GROUNDS DAY

Rachel has made it out of her bedroom. She and Frank sit at a redwood picnic table near the pool. They are near the conclusion of a "Scrabble" game. Rachel is much better, evidenced by the fervor with which she is playing this game. Frank makes a show of trying to concentrate during their conversation.

RACHEL
Twenty-seven.

Rachel writes the score.

FRANK
I'm getting good. This is your game, and I'm getting good.

RACHEL
(looking over her tiles)
You're getting good.

FRANK
(friendly)
Don't patronize me. I'm getting good. I know a few words.

RACHEL
That's what I said.

FRANK
Unless you're letting me win?

RACHEL
You're crazy. I take this game seriously. You're losing.

FRANK
Then shut up and let me think.

RACHEL
(looks around)
I'm never leaving this house again.

FRANK
That sounds like a healthy attitude.

RACHEL
Everything I need is here.

FRANK
Why don't you save this talk for your shrink?

RACHEL
I don't have a shrink.

FRANK
Why don't you get one?

RACHEL
Why should I? I've got you.

Frank shuffles his tiles around purposefully.

FRANK
I'm on the edge of a word here, but I can't quite...

RACHEL
You know what shocks me the most? My fear -- how huge it is. It floods me. And it doesn't go away.

FRANK
(looking at his tiles)
It will. Believe me. I've been here before.

RACHEL
(lightly)
I know that I'll be OK as long as I stay here with you near me. So that's my plan.

FRANK
Some plan. In a little while you won't be able to afford me.

INT. KITCHEN, MARRON HOUSE NIGHT

Rachel is alone here, preparing yogurt and fruit shakes for two in the blender. Frank comes in.

RACHEL
There you are. I'm making us something miraculous.

Frank sits across the counter from her. He is distracted. Rachel punches on the blender.

RACHEL
This stuff will goose your bio-rhythms into the ozone. Very healthy, very natural.

FRANK
I have to go away.

RACHEL
(over the buzz)
Say what?

FRANK
I have to go away.

Rachel has heard him the first time, but her reaction is so big she didn't trust herself to deal with it. She switches off the blender and stares at him. She takes a deep breath, but can't control the tremor in her lip.

RACHEL
Now? You want to go away now?

FRANK
Yes.

RACHEL
No. It isn't possible. I'm sorry.

FRANK
I'll get a good man --

RACHEL
No! I said no! You're not going anywhere.

FRANK
I have to.

RACHEL
Why? What's so important? ...What's more important?
(she makes one final effort to control her voice)
Listen, friend, I'm barely holding together here. I'm sorry if I've misled you into thinking I'm okay. I need you. I'm sorry.

FRANK
My parents are in Nevada...

RACHEL
(screaming, starting to cry)
I don't care about that! Visit them later. Some other time.

FRANK
My mother was very sick for a long time...

Rachel was about to cut him off again. But now she stops. Absolutely still. As though ice water has been thrown in her face. Her eyes search his face. Suddenly she understands.

FRANK
The funeral is tomorrow.

Rachel is speechless. Mortified.

NIGHT

EXT. MARRON HOUSE

Frank puts Rachel's overnight bag in the back seat of her Volvo sedan. He gets behind the wheel. Rachel is sitting in the front passenger seat.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE TRIP TO NEVADA - NIGHT TO DAY

A. Rachel's car streaks around the huge tractor trailers on the almost-deserted Seattle freeways.

B. The Columbia River gleams in the moonlight as it winds past Portland. The Volvo is tiny on the giant interstate bridge.

C. In a filthy gas station restroom, Rachel looks at her pale face in the corroded mirror. A tired Lady Traveler appears from the stalls and waits impatiently for Rachel to get out of the way. No recognition.

D. The sun is rising beyond the Sierra Nevada as the Volvo heads east. The mountains are spectacular in the first light. Rachel looks in wonder, then turns to watch Frank. His eyes are on the road, his mind elsewhere.

E. The Volvo moves through a sun-drenched, retirement community. Old people everywhere. Everything is neat. Rachel is fascinated.

EXT. CEMETERY, RETIREMENT TOWN (EAST OF RENO) DAY

Blinding white sun. The cemetery is a huge green square in the middle of a blanched arid plain. The Funeral Party is small: A Priest, Frank, Frank's father MILES FARMER, three Widows and two Elderly Couples. Now Rachel, standing a little apart, and the others watch as Frank and his father complete an old Irish ritual -- each wielding a shovel, they are filling in the grave. They do this with ferocious energy, as though to cleanse themselves of their sorrow. It's hard to tell if it is sweat pouring down their faces or tears. When there is a mound of earth on the grave, the men heave the shovels violently into the dirt. Then they look up for the first time, at each other. Frank puts his arm around his father's wide, strong shoulders.

INT. KITCHEN, FARMER HOUSE DAY

It is the kitchen of a modest retirement home, neatly organized by the late Katherine Farmer. Rachel is preparing to fry chicken, and Miles is cutting vegetables with an experienced hand.

MILES
Frank tells me you're a comedienne.

RACHEL
That's right.

MILES
I'm afraid we're a little out of touch here. I'm sorry.

RACHEL
(waves this off)
I'll send you some records.

MILES
Good. I'd like that. You must be very successful to need Frank.

Rachel has been easing the chicken into the oil, but this last stops her for a moment.

RACHEL
(laughing)
I never thought of it that way.

INT. HALLWAY

Frank, drink in hand, is browsing along the hall where a whole slew of family photographs are hung. Frank's concentration is on the ones featuring his mother. But as we look over his shoulder, we can notice the history of the family in the surrounding shots: Frank as a ten-year-old baseball player with a younger Miles; Miles as Police Chief of Haverford, Pennsylvania, being given a civic award; Frank as a college football wide receiver; Miles and Katherine Farmer, all dressed up and being introduced to Robert Kennedy by Frank; the picture-perfect family home in Pennsylvania with Katherine tending the flowers.

KITCHEN

Miles has a good-looking vegetable dish simmering next to Rachel's chicken. The two have begun joint work on a salad. Rachel is listening closely.

MILES
...It was a real pain in the ass being the Police Chief's son. Pardon my French. But Frank handled it good. Ever been to Haverford?

RACHEL
Once. I played the college. Pretty town.

MILES
Yes it is. We probably should've never left Pennsylvania. They said this place was what Katherine needed for her lungs.
(pause)
Lot of good it did. I think I'll go back there now. I'm sick of all this damn sun. Haverford's a great place. Good friends there. Frank came back and stayed with us six months after the Kennedy thing.

Rachel's questioning look encourages Miles.

MILES
Frank wasn't there the night Bobby died. And he never got over that. He quit then. For a year he didn't do much of anything.

BEDROOM

Frank has slid open the door to his mother's closet and is now sitting on the bed a few feet away looking at her clothes hanging there. He takes a sip of his Irish whiskey.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

DINING ROOM

The meal has been enthusiastically consumed. All three of them are laughing, all three have been drinking beer. Frank's embarrassment, when it occurs, is real but good-natured.

FRANK
I can't believe you're telling her this crap.

RACHEL
(laughing)
I love it.

MILES
And I never hit him. Ever. To this day.
(to Frank)
That's true, isn't it?
(to Rachel)
That's very unsuual for my people. So what happens?

MILES (cont'd)
When he's ten years old, he complains about it? Can you believe that?

FRANK
Oh, for Chrissake! I'm going to tell her about the time you stripped in court.

Frank gets up smiling and takes some dishes into the kitchen.

MILES
(to Frank)
I don't care. I'm proud of that.
(to Rachel)
Anyway, he's ten years old and he's just started playing tackle football. He comes to me and tells me he's afraid of getting hit, right? And he thinks it's because I never hit him. "Why don't you ever hit me?" he says to me!

Frank comes back and picks up some more dishes.

FRANK
(to Rachel)
If you're lucky, maybe he'll tell you about my first jock-strap.

Frank goes out. Miles leans in toward Rachel.

MILES
He got over it. Turned into a helluva wide receiver. He couldn't stand being afraid. When he found something that scared him, he'd just do it 'til the fear went away.
(takes a drink of beer)
His mother was the same way.

Rachel smiles at him, thinking, then reaches out and puts her hand on his arm.

NIGHT

EXT. DESERT

Moonlight floods a breathtaking vista, sweeping mesas, soaring rock spires. Absolute quiet.

NIGHT

EXT. DESERT MOTEL

A touch of neon announces man's tiny incursion into the desert. A small motel at the side of a thin strip of two-lane blacktop. Telephone wires disappear into the horizon, this place's fragile umbilical to the rest of the world. There are only a few cars in the lot. Rachel's Volvo is one. Absolute quiet.

NIGHT

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Frank comes out of the bathroom. Rachel is already in one of the beds. She puts her finger to her lips to signal "silence," and gestures for Frank to come closer. He stands by the bed, but Rachel shakes her head and pats the edge of the bed. He sits down. She beckons him still closer. Frank bends over her. Her naked arms reach up; she pulls his head down to hers, turning his ear to her lips. Even in the stillness of the room, her whisper is barely audible.

RACHEL
I want you, you want me.

She turns his head to bring his lips to hers. They kiss.

DAY

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Morning. Looking down at the bed, the mussed white sheets. Their bodies are still. They don't even seem to be breathing. They look very dead.

DAY

BATHROOM

Frank, a towel wrapped around his waist, stands at the sink shaving. Rachel, wrapped in a light robe, her hair wet from a shower, leans against the door to the little bathroom watching him in silence. After a few moments, she moves to him and hugs him from the back. She kisses his spine, then lays her cheek against his back and closes her eyes.

MOTEL ROOM DAY

They are back in bed. They have made love and now lie nude under a sheet.

RACHEL
I've never been this safe before.

Frank smiles.

RACHEL
No one could get by you.

FRANK
Right now it might not be so hard.

Rachel rolls on top of him.

RACHEL
Never. You're strong. I can feel it.

FRANK
That's not what you're feeling.

Rachel laughs, kisses him.

RACHEL
You scared him off last time. Maybe he'll stop.

FRANK
Maybe.

RACHEL
You're not much for looking on the bright side.

FRANK
Doesn't pay in this line of work.

RACHEL
It's not a safe life.

FRANK
Nobody has a safe life. Not in this world.

RACHEL

Terrific.

DAY

EXT. DOORWAY, MOTEL ROOM

Rachel, fully dressed, is standing on the little shaded porch outside the room. Frank, also dressed, slips into his shoes in the doorway. The sun is blazing and the only thing in sight for miles is the desolate, broiling desert.

RACHEL

We'll just stay here...forever. I'll have babies.

FRANK

Looks like a nice neighborhood.

RACHEL

It's settled then. We'll buy this place and run it.

FRANK

All right.

RACHEL

Fine.

They are silent, looking around.

RACHEL

Everybody wants me to do that benefit. Not because they're worried about gun control. But to get me going again. It's Rachel control they want. They won't admit it, but I can tell.

FRANK

Maybe it's someone else you're hearing.

Rachel looks at him sharply, smiles.

RACHEL

Don't get your courage mixed up with mine. I never asked anybody to hit me. It's not me that wants to do it. It's my ass up there on that stage... waiting to be shot.

FRANK
That's right. It's just you. And only you can decide.

RACHEL
(challenging)
How? How do I decide?

FRANK
I don't know. I'm just a bodyguard.

INT. DINER DAY

They're on the way back. They're just finishing breakfast at a roadside diner.

RACHEL
I know a lot of marriages that are based on less.

FRANK
So do I.

RACHEL
(studies his face)
You wouldn't marry me, would you?

FRANK
I don't know. I've done a lot of dumb things in my life.

A LOCAL WOMAN comes up to their table.

LOCAL WOMAN
Are you Rachel Marron?

RACHEL
Yes, I am.

LOCAL WOMAN
Nooo. You're not her.

RACHEL
(a little shrug, as though found out)
You're right. I'm not.

LOCAL WOMAN
Are you really her?

Rachel nods.

LOCAL WOMAN
Nah. What would she be doing here?

FRANK
What can we do for you?

LOCAL WOMAN
(intimidated by his tone)
Nothing, nothing. Sorry.
(about to leave; to Rachel)
Everybody tells you you look like her, right?
(Rachel nods)
But you're not her.

RACHEL
No, but I wish I were.

EXT. HIGHWAY (SOUTHERN WASHINGTON) DAY

Rachel's Volvo runs north. The Cascade Range shines on the eastern horizon.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR DAY

Rachel has a hand draped onto Frank's shoulder as he drives.

RACHEL
I'll take care of the children. I'll be a wonderful mother. How many should we have? Two?

FRANK
Ten.
(Rachel laughs)
What are you laughing about? I promised myself that I'd have ten kids or none at all.
(Rachel laughs more)
I like a house where everybody always has somebody to talk to.

RACHEL
We'll have to work out a compromise.

FRANK
No, this is non-negotiable.

RACHEL
Mother probably thinks she's got ten right now. She's not used to having Fletcher for so long...

Rachel stares out at the mountains a moment.

RACHEL
(a sudden thought)
Let's not go right back.

Frank looks at her to be sure she's serious. She's getting more excited as she thinks about it.

RACHEL
I want to show you my hideaway in the Cascades. We could have another night alone.

FRANK
It's not safe.

RACHEL
You just told me nothing's safe. Listen, nobody knows where we are right now, and only the family knows where the house is.

Frank is chewing this over.

FRANK
No one knows where it is?

RACHEL
(Shakes her head)
Just family.

Frank nods thoughtfully. She squeezes his arm gleefully.

EXT. HIGHWAY (TACOMA) DUSK

Rachel's car is going north along the mainland side of Puget Sound. The road runs through the industrial areas that press down to the docks.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR DUSK

Rachel points out her window.

RACHEL
There it is.

Frank looks off to the left of the road.

FRANK'S P.O.V. A huge plant sits at the edge of an arm of the Sound. It has its own docks, but there are no barges alongside them. The two giant smokestacks tower above the corrugated iron roofs. No smoke is coming out.

The road brings them closer, through the neighborhood that lies in the shadow of the stacks. They pass through a business district where many of the shops are closed.

RACHEL
The Tacoma Smeller. It really used to stink around here. I don't know how the people stood it.

On either side of the through road, the streets look quiet. Dead.

FRANK
Looks like a lot of them have left now.

RACHEL
No work here.
(looks at him)
Hey, I'm aware of that. We knew there was a price. It's bad. I'm funding a damn study group to explore alternatives. Nobody knows that. There's other work. What are the harpoonists going to do when we stop killing whales?

FRANK
You sound like that broad Rachel Marron.

RACHEL
I'm not her. I just look like her.

EXT. HIDEAWAY (CASCADES) NIGHT

A large, old two-story house sits at the top of a gentle slope, surrounded on three sides by thick, rolling woods. At the foot of the slope is a lake. Fog is beginning to form above the water. Smoke is coming out of the chimney.

INT. LIVING ROOM, HIDEAWAY NIGHT

A cozy fire is the only light in the room. Frank and Rachel lie under a comforter on a fur rug in front of the fireplace, a wine bottle and glasses at hand.

RACHEL
Ellen was my half sister. She was older than me. Her mother died when she was five. Then our father married again, and they had me, and everybody was happy again. Except Ellen. Ellen was never really happy.

Rachel stares into the fire, far away.

RACHEL
She was always troubled. Even when we were little. She had terrible depressions. Finally she had to go into an institution for a while. They thought it might be some form of schizophrenia; they never knew. It got a lot better by itself. I thought it would help her to have work among friends. She was doing so well...

She presses her face to Frank's chest.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM LATER

Rachel is banking the fire for the night. She looks over at Frank.

RACHEL'S P.O.V. Frank is delicately balancing a wine glass at the corner of a window sill. He opens the window to check his placement. There is heavy fog outside.

RACHEL
We can clean up in the morning. You don't have to hide them.

FRANK
We don't have this place secured.

RACHEL
There isn't enough electricity in this county for your kind of security.

FRANK
Do you have any aluminum foil?

Rachel rolls her eyes heavenward.

NIGHT

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL

Frank sends a roll of foil unspooling down the hallway to Rachel. Then he flips the long, narrow carpet back in place. He and Rachel each tear off their end of the foil, so none shows. Frank steps very delicately on the runner. There is a faint but distinctive metallic RUSTLE.

RACHEL
If Fletcher knew what he was missing!

Frank grins at her.

NIGHT

INT. BEDROOM

The middle of the night. Frank and Rachel are lying in a heavy, old-fashioned four-poster. Rachel is asleep. Frank's eyes are open. He is listening. Now we listen with him. At first it seems silent, but slowly we become aware of a subtle symphony of SOUNDS. An old house surrounded by woods. There are lots of NOISES. But they are regular, innocent.

Frank gives up. His eyes close. There is one, distant hint of a metallic RUSTLE. Frank's eyes snap open. He doesn't breathe as he listens. Only the familiar SOUNDS.

Frank's hand clamps over Rachel's mouth. Her body stiffens and her eyes bulge. Frank whispers so close to her ear that we hear nothing. Rachel gives a tiny nod and slithers off

the bed and into the corner of the room. Frank is moving toward the closed hall door, wearing only his shorts. His gun is in his hand.

He sidles soundlessly up to the wall next to the door and pauses, listening. Nothing. Frank goes into a low crouch, tight against the wall, and shifts his weight slightly to reach for the doorknob. A board under his foot gives a small CREAK.

The door panel BLASTS inward, shattered by a jet of bullets sweeping from low to high. The window on the opposite side of the bedroom is blown out. Through the SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING comes the THUMP of footsteps running down the hall.

Frank snaps his head toward the bed. The blankets have been whipped by bullets like waves by the wind. There is no sight or sound of Rachel. Frank is out the shattered door.

SECOND FLOOR HALL

Frank comes toward the stairway fast, staying off the runner. Light and swift, his bare feet don't seem to touch the floor. Soundless.

Frank pauses before exposing himself on the stairway. There is an odd, hollow THUMP and a rolling NOISE from below. Frank dives down the steps.

FIRST FLOOR HALL

The empty wine bottle is still rolling across the hallway away from the open front door as Frank pauses in the shadows. Fog is already coming in. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS are heard. Frank slips through the door.

EXT. HIDEAWAY NIGHT

The fog is impenetrable. Frank crouches near a tree, listens. For a moment there is only the rustling of the trees. Then, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, a body BREAKING THROUGH BUSHES. Frank heads off toward the sound at a run.

WOODS INTERCUTTING FRANK AND THE ASSAILANT

They move fitfully through the eerie, beautiful scene. In and out of the fog. Stop, listen, wait, go. Two wary, interchangeable animals. Frank disappears into the fog, and

when the figure reappears, we are up ahead and it is the assailant. It is Stanton. He carries a compact, ugly sub-machine gun; it looks like a monstrous cicada.

Frank is moving faster, closing the gap.

Stanton hears him coming. Stops. He doesn't look worried. Just completely wired. He points his gun back there, but does not fire. Silence.

Frank is resting on his haunches; barefoot and shirtless, he looks like an Indian. Listening. He HEARS Stanton take off and goes after him. We STAY with Frank until he stops suddenly. The SOUNDS have stopped up ahead. Close.

Stanton peers into the fog, gun up. He's ready, confident. He waits. Nothing.

Frank is in a crouch and now he does something brand new. He raises his gun into the fog in a two-handed grip, ready to fire. He holds it easily. And then he does something really strange: Frank closes his eyes. After a beat, we HEAR MOVEMENT. Frank, eyes still closed, swings his gun 15 degrees and fires TWO BLASTS.

Stanton jumps away from a small tree that has splintered six inches from his shoulder. Suddenly Stanton is very frightened. He crashes away in the opposite direction. WE FOLLOW. There is another SHOT from Frank, very close to Stanton. Stanton breaks through some bushes and sees what Frank cannot see --- a faint, interior light glowing in a car parked on a road.

Frank moves quickly through the woods, passes the splintered tree. WE STAY WITH HIM and HEAR the ENGINE of the car ROAR to life and tires PEEL out of the dirt. Frank breaks out of the woods in time to see the red lights at the back of the car fishtailing around a bend. He FIRES at it. We HEAR GLASS SHATTERING, but the car keeps going.

EXT. FERRY DAWN

Frank and Rachel have caught the dawn ferry across to Bainbridge Island. They are on deck, watching the sky lighten over Seattle. Both their faces show the strain of the night.

FRANK
...Otherwise, I'll get you someone else. Someone who'll do the job right.

RACHEL
Right? I'm only alive because you were with me.

FRANK
You almost died because I took you there. And climbed into bed with you. We barely squeaked through.

RACHEL
I can't stand living like this.

FRANK
It's the way things are.

RACHEL
It's not the way they <u>should</u> be.

FRANK
I'm not too big on how things should be.

Rachel looks down into the turbulent wake.

FRANK
This is my profession. This is how I earn my way in the world.

RACHEL
Money isn't a problem for us. They pay me a ridiculous amount for what I do.

FRANK
That's what <u>you</u> do.

RACHEL
You'd leave me out of pride?

FRANK
When we get back to the house, I'm your bodyguard -- period. Or I'm gone.

Rachel looks at him in the rising light. She agrees, reluctantly

EXT. MEADOW, MARRON GROUNDS DAY

In a far corner of the meadow Rachel is picking wild berries. Frank is standing on a rock, scanning over the bushes. He

looks toward the gate.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Fletcher, in travelling clothes, is racing across the meadow. Merton and Norris are going on to the house.

Rachel appears from the bushes and opens her arms. Fletcher flies into them, and Rachel swings him around and around. She sets him down, kisses him, and holds him a long moment, her eyes glowing.

Frank watches their reunion and waves warmly to Fletcher, but he stays on the rock. His gaze lifts again. Looking out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MARRON HOUSE DAY

Rachel, Fletcher, and Merton are toasting marshmallows at the woodburning stove. Merton does it with incredible neatness. Fletcher toasts one for Frank, not so neatly.

The phone RINGS. Merton answers and hands it to Frank, who is still licking his fingers.

FRANK
This is Farmer.

COURT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Frank, Ray Court.

FRANK
Yeah, Ray.

COURT (V.O.)
We got your man.

Frank stops licking his fingers. He glances at the others. Rachel is watching him.

FRANK
Where?

COURT (V.O.)
Our place.

FRANK
I'll be right down.

Frank hangs up. Rachel comes over to him.

RACHEL
(quietly)
Your friends downtown?
(Frank nods)
I'm going with you. Don't argue. This is important to me.

INT. CORRIDOR, F.B.I. SEATTLE OFFICE DAY

Frank and Rachel come out of an elevator and meet the waiting Ray Court. Court is momentarily surprised to see Rachel, but he shakes her hand, then Frank's. Court is in a terrific mood. They walk briskly down the hall.

FRANK
You're sure?

COURT
Positive.

FRANK
How'd you do it?

COURT
The usual. Ass-breaking investigation and...
(big grin)
...genius.

Court stops at a door.

COURT
Do you want to see him?

FRANK
What do you think?

Court opens the door into what appears to be a dark closet. He motions Rachel and Frank in. Rachel lets Frank lead.

COURT
Terry's got him in examination with Doc Brill, our shrink.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Court closes the door behind them and for a moment they're in blackness, a light lock. He opens another door, revealing yet another darkened room. One wall contains a large

one-way window. Through it we can see a portion of the Examination Room.

ON FRANK as he moves to the chairs directly in front of the window.

FRANK'S P.O.V. as the Examination Room slowly comes into view: First, Special Agent Terry Minella, then DOCTOR BRILL, a distinguished fellow in an expensive suit. A running tape recorder sits on the table at which they sit, its microphone propped toward the end of the table that is only now coming INTO VIEW.

There at the end, sits the suspect, HAROLD JORGENSEN. We have never seen him before. He is a solid, rough-hewn man of about fifty, dressed in an old plaid shirt and kahki work pants. His close-cropped hair is steel grey, his eyes are blue and defiant. He is sitting rigidly upright, his arms folded across his chest.

COURT (O.S.)
(quietly)
His name is Harold Jorgensen. Lives in Tacoma. Currently unemployed, but a solid work history. Some signs of a drinking problem recently. No previous record. He denies everything.

The SOUND of the Examination Room is piped into the Observation Room.

DOCTOR BRILL
Mister Jorgensen, I know this is difficult for you. Special Agent Minella has a few more questions. You can stop him whenever it's too much.

JORGENSEN
You can ask any fucking thing you want. I don't give a shit.

MINELLA
Mr. Jorgensen, let's back up. You do know who Rachel Marron is?

Jorgensen snorts.

MINELLA
Do you?

Jorgensen nods curtly.

MINELLA
That's a yes. Are you familiar with her work?

JORGENSEN
(laughs bitterly)
Her work? That bitch doesn't know what work it.
(grimly)
I know what she does.

MINELLA
What?

JORGENSEN
She eats shit, that's what she does.

Jorgensen clamps his mouth shut and looks away.

In the Observation Room, Frank looks at Rachel. She is pale but unwavering as she watches.

FRANK
(to Court)
How?

COURT
The letters. The lab in D. C. came through with some terrific work. Put us in exactly the right direction.
(glances out at Jorgensen)
He may not tell us much, but we got him cold on the letters. And the explosives.
(looks back at Frank)
Even a motive. Guess where Mister Jorgensen worked for eighteen years?

Frank waits.

COURT
The Tacoma Smelter. He was there when they shut down.

A low groan escapes Rachel, as though from a body blow.

FRANK
Rifle?

COURT
No. Not at his place, anyway. We're working on it. And the mini-UZI.
(to Rachel)
The sub-machine gun.

Rachel nods dumbly, staring out at Jorgensen.

COURT
(to Frank)
What we did find was a big file of clippings on Miss Marron, thoroughly annotated.

FRANK
Annotated?

COURT
He's filled the margins of all her interviews with a bunch of nutty rebuttals and abuse.

Court glances at Rachel, then goes ahead.

COURT
He sees Miss Marron as a cross between Karl Marx and Rosemary's Baby, everything that's ruining America. What he's got is a load of hate. And no alibis for the times of the attacks.

FRANK
But no weapons.

COURT
Not yet. We'll find 'em.

Frank just stares at Jorgensen. Court reads his look.

COURT
What is it, Frank?

FRANK
I wish I could tell you, Ray. I don't know. I swear I don't know. I've got a feeling I don't like.

COURT
He sent the letters. That's locked.

Frank nods, unsatisfied. Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL
For godssake, Frank, it's him. I know it is. They've got him now. How many answers do we need? It's over. Please, say it's over.

FRANK
Let's get out of here.

INT. ELLEN'S ROOM, MARRON HOUSE DAY

The door opens, and Frank slips in. He shuts the door quietly and turns to survey the room.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Ellen's effects have not been disturbed since her death. Her room is ascetically bare and scrupulously clean. The only decoration is a large macrame wall hanging that looks like a spider's web. Or a sunrise.

At one end are a business-like desk and a rank of file cabinets. Frank goes to the desk and riffles around the typewriter and through the drawers.

He turns to the file cabinets. Each drawer has a neatly typed label: "Household Bills", "Clippings", "Correspondence", and on and on. Frank tries "Correspondence". It holds perfectly ranked file folders; every sheet of paper looks as though it has been ironed.

Frank looks into several more drawers rapidly. Everything is in its place. Something catches Frank's eye.

FRANK'S P.O.V. The bottom drawer of the cabinet in the corner is not labelled.

Frank kneels in front of the drawer and tugs lightly, expecting it to be empty. Instead it rolls out heavily -- it is jammed, crammed to overflowing with a chaos of papers. Frank sits on the floor and begins to sort through the pieces of paper.

They are all crayon drawings, on odd pieces of paper, crumpled and ragged. The style is childish -- or worse. But the characters are recognizable. Merton is not much more than a

slim black line, Shelley an amorphous blob of pink. Rachel is the most obvious: she is drawn much larger than the others, like a Pharaoh among slaves. There is no Ellen.

At the very back of the drawer is another wad of drawings and a bookkeeping ledger. Frank looks at the pictures. One shows the giant Rachel standing on a figure who is clearly Ellen. But Ellen is only half there: she has either been pressed into the ground, or she was only half a person to begin with. The next several pictures are of Rachel alone, mutilated and dying. Then one of a whole, naked Ellen lying under a naked man. It is Frank.

CLOSE ON Frank's eyes. He stares at the drawing with mingled horror and pity. He shuffles to the next sheet.

FRANK'S P.O.V. A figure of Ellen -- a whole Ellen - dominates this picture. She is now the giantess, dwarfing the others. She wears a hooded robe. Her arms are stretched out in both directions. One hand holds a stack of silver coins. The other holds a figure of Rachel, no bigger than a doll, toward a man at the edge of the sheet. He is drawn with black crayon only. He carries a knife. There is no face -- just an oval of white paper.

Frank stares at this last picture a long time. Then he opens the ledger. The many precisely printed columns have been scrawled across in a large, almost illegible hand. Frank flips to the front and begins reading.

EXT. BACKYARD, MARRON GROUNDS (FRANK'S P.O.V.) DAY

Rachel and Fletcher are at the edge of the slope to the inlet, tying a tail to a kite.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM, MARRON HOUSE DAY

Frank is at the sliding glass door, watching Rachel and Fletcher. He has a telephone at his ear.

FRANK
It's a pro. A pro using Jorgensen's hate mail as cover. Her sister paid for the contract.

There is a low WHISTLE through the phone.

COURT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Why?

FRANK
She wanted her dead. That's all. She was sick. Somehow Ellen managed to hire a killer through a middleman, so both ends were anonymous. He doesn't know who hired him, she didn't know who she hired. He doesn't know he killed his client. And there's a second payment on completion of the job. So until we find him, he'll keep coming.

COURT (V.O.)
At least a pro won't fly a kamikaze mission. He'll want to get out. What about the middleman?

FRANK
You ever hear of an Indian called Nelson?

COURT
Sure, about fifty of them.

FRANK
She found him near the totem pole in Pioneer Square. That's all I got.

COURT (V.O.)
We'll get on it.

FRANK
I don't want to tell Rachel. It won't help you, and it'll do a lot of harm over here.

COURT (V.O.)
(after a pause)
OK. We'll be in touch.

EXT. MEADOW, MARRON GROUNDS NIGHT

In the moonlight, Frank walks along the fence from the gate. The line of the fence angles outward sharply to include the hemlock. Rachel is sitting under the tree, waiting for him. She is looking down past the house to the waters of the inlet.

FRANK
I told you not to come out here without me.

RACHEL
Yeah, yeah. Sit down and protect me.

Frank sits.

RACHEL
You're such a grouch. Shelley told you about the benefit, didn't he?
(Frank nods)
I wanted to tell you.

FRANK
I have a feeling this isn't over.

RACHEL
I know. And by now I know enough about your "feelings" to give me the creeps. But I can't stay out here forever. I haven't got forever.
(looks at him, quoting)
This is how I earn my way in the world.

They are silent for a while. Rachel lies back on the matted needles and stares up into the branches of the tree rustling above them.

RACHEL
I didn't get to this place in my life by doing the smart thing every time.
(Frank nods)
You know all about that, don't you, Frank Farmer? Out there on the edge...doing something that doesn't make much sense, except maybe in your stomach somewhere. Something that isn't smart.

She sits up beside him.

RACHEL
So...I'm going to take the ferry back over to the rest of the world. And I won't worry about it at all. Because I've got you to protect me.

Frank almost smiles.

FRANK
That's right.

Frank looks at her a long time, then takes her in his arms. He kisses her and lays her down. His body moves over hers. Like a bodyguard, protecting her from the night.

INT. SHELLEY'S STATION WAGON, ON FERRY NIGHT

Shelley's station wagon is in the belly of the ferry boat. Scores of cars are packed into the cavernous space. The ferry has just docked, and the auto drivers are all back behind their wheels, waiting for the huge steel ramp to be lowered.

Shelley is in the driver's seat, Merton and Norris next to him. In the back seat, Rachel sits next to Frank.

Shelley drums his fingers on the steering wheel, watching the ramp.

SHELLEY
(to himself)
Let's go, let's go.
(to Frank)
We'll go straight in to the Green Room. Right, Farmer?

Frank nods.

SHELLEY
Got that, Norris?

Norris nods. He slides his eyes sideways to give Frank a look.

RACHEL
Shelley, I wish you would relax a little. You're liable to make me nervous.

She looks around at the men; all are tense.

RACHEL
Jesus, what a crew.

She pulls out a small mirror and checks her appearance. Ahead of them, the ramp hits the deck with a reverberating CLANG, and the line of cars begins to move out.

RACHEL
Screw it. I'm through worrying. When your number's up, it's up. Right, Frank?

The station wagon moves out into the night.

EXT. STAGE ENTRANCE, OPERA HOUSE (SEATTLE) NIGHT

Shelley's station wagon comes along a service road and pulls up to the stage entrance at the back of the Opera House. Frank slips out the back door before the car has quite stopped. His eyes sweep the immediate surroundings as Norris gets out of the car and helps Rachel out. Merton joins Rachel, and Shelley pulls the car away to park. Frank leads his small party in, Norris bringing up the rear.

INT. GREEN ROOM, OPERA HOUSE NIGHT

The Green Room is crowded. Local dignitaries and influential citizens mill about, mingling with the celebrities on hand. Many greet Rachel.

HOWARD ROBERTS, the earnest man with glasses we saw at Rachel's house, comes up to her.

ROBERTS
Hello, Rachel. You look lovely.

RACHEL
Thanks, Howard. Have you counted the house?

ROBERTS
Sold out.
(leans toward her)
Because of you.

RACHEL
But of course. The Creature of Bainbridge Island walks again.
(looking around her)
You know Merton. This is Ben Norris, and Farmer.

Roberts regards Frank coolly.

ROBERTS
I met Mr. Farmer yesterday. Merton, I'm sorry, but as you can see...

Roberts indicates the crowded room.

MERTON
I'm leaving. I'll be out there with Shelley.
(he kisses Rachel)
Good luck, Rachel.

Merton leaves.

ROBERTS
(to Rachel)
How about Mr. Norris? We've got a security man at the door.

FRANK
Norris stays.

Roberts gives up.

ROBERTS
(to Frank and Norris)
I hope you two don't mind standing.

Roberts takes a mimeoed sheet from a sheaf in his hand and gives it to Rachel.

ROBERTS
There's the order of events. You see that we've alternated speakers with performers. We're counting on you for a big finale.

RACHEL
(looking at Frank)
I hope it's not too big.
(looking at sheet)
I see you got Keith Hammond as Master of Ceremonies. You know if he's really, really funny, I'm leaving.

ROBERTS
(smiles)
I've got to run. I'll see you later.

Roberts leaves. A woman greets Rachel and perches on the arm of her chair to talk.

A LOUDSPEAKER in a corner of the room comes to life. Musicians are tuning up out front.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The LOUDSPEAKER is now transmitting a classical guitar piece, being played with great virtuosity.

The crowd in the Green Room has thinned considerably. Roberts approaches Rachel, who is talking with an academic type.

ROBERTS
Excuse me, Rachel. Just a reminder. When Christopher is done, it'll be Hammond again, then me with a brief pitch for the organization, then Hammond to introduce you. OK?

RACHEL
(busy with her conversation)
OK, Howard.

Frank has been standing nearby. He steps over to Norris.

FRANK
I'm going to have a look around. I'll come back for her. Stay awake.

Norris nods, watches Frank go.

BACKSTAGE AREA

Frank moves down the hall from the Green Room toward the stage. Stagehands and performers speak in hushed tones. The SOUND of the guitar, live up ahead on stage, comes to an end and the applause begins.

Frank walks along, checking the route, looking up into the flies. He comes around a side curtain and is face-to-face with Stanton.

FRANK
Stanton. What are you doing here?

STANTON
I'm on the job. I got an offer I couldn't refuse.

FRANK
Who?

STANTON
Him.

Stanton points down a corridor between curtains. There is a VIEW of KEITH HAMMOND at the microphone, looking upstage and joining in the applause. Hammond is the complete professional entertainer; every gesture shows it.

The applause begins to wane, and Hammond turns to the mike.

HAMMOND
Ladies and gentlemen, we're having a terrific evening of entertainment here, but I think the biggest pleasure is knowing that it's in a good cause. Here, with a few words about the organization that made this evening possible, is Howard Roberts.

STANTON (O.S.)
(over Hammond's intro)
Writing doesn't pay. Not when you write like I do. This entertainment stuff is terrific, Farmer. Cake.

Roberts approaches the mike from the other side of the stage while the audience claps. Hammond makes a gesture of turning the stage over to him, then walks off ten feet from where Frank and Stanton are standing. Hammond glances their way and moves off toward the dressing rooms.

STANTON
Back to work. I'll probably see you at the party.

Stanton walks after Hammond. Frank watches him, thoughtful.

Out on stage, Howard Roberts is trying not to be too earnest.

ROBERTS
I'm not going to take long here. I know you don't want to hear about violent crime right now. You want to hear Rachel Marron.

Frank's face, suddenly wary. No rational cause. Something in the air.

GREEN ROOM

Rachel's face as she listens to Roberts on the LOUDSPEAKER. She is absorbing what he says.

BACKSTAGE

Frank's face. Worried. Something is wrong. He walks very quickly down the hall toward the Green Room.

GREEN ROOM

Roberts finishes speaking and Hammond's voice comes over the SPEAKER. His last routine and intro.

Frank steps into the room and looks across at Rachel. The tension begins to drain away, but for one brief moment Rachel sees it. She stares across the room at him. And like a tangible thing, his anxiety is passed over to her. She is frightened. She gets up and walks across the room to Frank.

RACHEL
What's wrong?

FRANK
Nothing.

Rachel stares into his face. She is spooked.

Roberts appears at the door behind Frank.

ROBERTS
Rachel. You're next.

Rachel continues to look at Frank.

RACHEL
You think it's safe?

FRANK
I never thought that.

RACHEL
(nods slightly)
Yeah, this was my idea.

ROBERTS
Rachel. It's time.

Rachel must take her eyes from Frank's face. Roberts takes her arm, Frank leads the way, and Norris follows.

BACKSTAGE AREA

The group moves down the hall from the Green Room, toward the stage right wings.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Stagehands, performers, organization aides. His eyes examine each curtain, corner and recess. He looks above him. He looks down the corridors between

the side curtains.

Rachel's face, as she looks around nervously. Her body is tense on Roberts' arm. Roberts pats her arm soothingly.

STAGE RIGHT

They reach the edge of the stage. Roberts releases Rachel's arm with a final pat, and steps back. Rachel looks at Frank and takes a deep breath.

RACHEL
I've had stage fright, but this is ridiculous.

ON STAGE

Keith Hammond has the audience laughing.

He is concluding his introduction of Rachel.

HAMMOND
They call her "America's Funniest Woman." And I, for one, say "Vive la difference!"

Laughter, applause.

HAMMOND
Ladies and gentlemen! Miss Rachel Marron!

Rachel appears and crosses to the mike. Hammond embraces her, makes a gesture of presenting her to the audience, and exits stage right. The applause continues. Rachel waits.

STAGE RIGHT

Hammond starts past Frank and Norris. Frank stops him. Hammond is irritated.

FRANK
Where's Stanton?

HAMMOND
Who?

FRANK
Stanton.

HAMMOND
(breaking away)
Never heard of him.

Hammond walks off. Frank stands still. All the wariness comes back, all his senses start to hum. He looks around. He speaks urgently to Norris and makes a gesture: stay here. Norris nods. Frank is gone down the side of the stage.

ON STAGE

FROM BEHIND RACHEL. She stands at the center of the bare stage as the applause continues. The spotlight outlines her, her white dress shimmering. And beyond her, a vast blackness. She is totally exposed to whatever's out there.

Rachel's face as she looks out. Her eyes searching.

RACHEL'S P.O.V. At first nothing but the blinding disc of the spotlight. Then dim forms. The shadowy presence of the crowd.

REVERSE ANGLE ON RACHEL. She stands in the bright light, shining white against the dark red of the curtain behind her. The applause begins to slacken. Rachel gathers herself.

STAGE RIGHT WINGS

Frank is prowling back through the stage right wings. He looks to his side down a corridor of curtains and sees something to investigate. He moves that way, toward the stage.

STAGE BEHIND CURTAIN

Frank comes out onto the stage behind the red curtain that backs Rachel. There is much more space back here, but it is largely filled by a three-leveled platform on which a full symphony orchestra could sit. Now the three levels bear only folding chairs and music stands. The front edge of this platform comes within a yard of the back of the red curtain.

Frank steps up onto the lowest level of the symphony platform and moves across to the center ramp. He goes up this, past the other two levels, to a landing at the top. From here rough wooden steps descend again to the stage floor. Frank pauses on the landing and peers down.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Below him, along the back wall of the stage, a controlled clutter of sets and equipment recedes in the gloom.

ON STAGE, AT THE MICROPHONE

Rachel moves closer to the microphone. She speaks in a hoarse, mock-tough voice.

RACHEL
This is a stickup!

The audience, eager to enjoy her, laughs.

RACHEL
We're here tonight to stick up for something. And believe me, it's important, or I wouldn't be stuck up here.

BACK WALL OF STAGE

Frank comes down the wooden steps at the back of the symphony platform. He peers into the grid of scaffolding that supports the platform. Frank's eyes move constantly, searching. He moves on, through the clutter along the back wall of the stage, into the stage left wings.

ON STAGE

Rachel is hitting her stride, losing herself in what she has to say.

RACHEL
...We're talking about guns that are made only to kill people. So next time someone says he's going to... "Stick to his guns," you tell him to "Stick 'em up!"
(a beat)
He'll know <u>where</u>.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Shelley and Merton join in the applause and laughter. They exchange looks. It is going well.

STAGE LEFT

Frank is at the edge of the stage, opposite where he started his circuit. He looks out across the stage.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Past Rachel, in the shadows on the far side, Norris is where Frank left him, arms folded. Roberts is next to him. They are both looking out at the stage. Roberts' gaze is fixed on Rachel, rapt. Norris looks everywhere but at her. Watchful.

Rachel takes the microphone from the stand and begins to pace as she talks, gesturing to the audience. Frank shifts his gaze out there.

FRANK'S P.O.V. The pit, the musicians with their instruments cradled, listening to Rachel. The dim sea of faces. The walls of box seats. All receding into blackness. And in the blackness, only red "EXIT" signs.

Frank's face. There is nothing he can do in that direction.

Frank turns back down the side of the stage. He takes two steps and stops. He is just on the edge of the red curtain. His head snaps in, toward center stage.

FRANK'S P.O.V. Behind the red curtain, on the bottom level of the symphony platform, something moves.

Frank's face. Totally concentrated.

FRANK'S P.O.V. The movement again. It is a shadow. A shadow interrupting a narrow beam of light falling on the

bottom level. Frank's field of view swings back a bit, SEEING both the area behind the curtain and Rachel in front of it, the curtain seen end-on. It is Rachel herself who is casting the shadow, breaking the spotlight as she paces back and forth in front of a crack in the curtain.

Frank takes one fast step, staring intently.

FRANK'S P.O.V. The back side of the red curtain. A music stand has been moved up against the curtain, catching one fold of fabric, creating a crack in the closure of the curtain. A narrow, narrow crack.

Frank is suddenly gone toward the back of the symphony platform.

ON STAGE

Rachel pauses in her pacing and squares herself to the audience, dead center of the stage.

RACHEL
It won't be easy. Or fun.
There's always fear when
you have to fight.
(she pauses)
But as the rabbit said to
the rock, "I may be scared,
but I ain't petrified."

Applause. It wanes. Rachel waits, gauging her timing. The house quiets expectantly.

ONE LOUD SHOT at the rear of the stage. Rachel spins around, facing the curtain.

RACHEL'S P.O.V. We SEE only the curtain, with a narrow line of black at the crack. But we HEAR A CLATTER of metal, a cascade of crashing chairs and music stands. And then Stanton tumbles through the curtain. As he rolls, there is no way to tell if he is dead or alive.

Stanton's momentum carries him toward the front of the stage. Rachel stands transfixed as Stanton's body rolls into the spotlight with her.

Like a cat, Stanton rolls gracefully to a crouch. He is hit, but not incapacitated. The target pistol in his hand has a silencer attached. He looks back toward the curtain.

The music stand caught in the curtain has been knocked sideways, creating a much wider opening and a wedge of light. At its apex, on the second level of the symphony platform, Frank stands with his gun aimed at arm's length.

Now for one long second, Stanton and Frank look at each other. Stanton, the professional, is not willing to die for this. He begins to let his pistol roll from his hand in unmistakable surrender, when he hears THUDDING FEET behind him. He turns and sees...

First, Rachel, his quarry for so long, her face horror-stricken, and at the same moment...

Coming by Rachel, his body blocking her from Stanton's view, Norris, his gun stretching out before him at Stanton.

Stanton, the professional, reacts instinctively. His pistol whips around to FIRE off one WHOOSHING SILENCED SHOT to Norris's heart. Norris begins to fall like a felled tree. Before Norris has hit the floor, the air is pierced by the LOUD EXPLOSION of Frank's gun. Once. Twice.

Stanton's body is lifted and thrown to the very edge of the stage.

AUDIENCE

Terror, screams, pandemonium.

ON STAGE

Rachel's face. Horror.

Frank's face. His gun lowers.

Roberts rushes up and tries to gather Rachel in his arms, but she cries out and breaks away. She goes down on the floor next to Norris, trying to roll him over, somehow bring him back.

Uniformed Security Men appear from both sides to converge on the bodies.

Frank pushes his way through the crowd. He stands over Rachel and Norris, gun in hand.

The front of Rachel's white dress is soaked with blood. Rachel looks up at Frank, tears streaming down her face.

Frank Farmer's face. Sad and weary. His guard is down. Nothing more can happen.

LONG, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINSLOW FERRY TERMINAL (BAINBRIDGE ISLAND) DAY

Rachel sits on Frank's battered suitcase near the gangway to the ferry. Beyond her is a view of the harbor, all the way to the Seattle skyline. But she is looking back at the terminal.

RACHEL'S P.O.V. Inside the glass doors of the waiting room, Frank is conferring with Shelley and the NEW BODY-GUARD, a big, solid, white-haired man in his early fifties. The New Bodyguard nods, and he and Frank shake hands. Frank turns to Shelley. They say a few words and shake warmly. Frank leaves the two men and comes out through the glass doors toward CAMERA.

Rachel looks up at Frank from her position on his suitcase.

RACHEL
Why'd you have to get me an old man?

FRANK
I don't trust you.

RACHEL
He's got white hair.

FRANK
He's very good.

RACHEL
Aren't we all.

Frank smiles as he moves to the railing next to her. She stands up to join him.

RACHEL
If I don't need you, why do I need him?

FRANK
I never said you didn't need me. You're going to need someone for as long as you do what you do.

RACHEL
Why can't I keep you?

Frank turns to face her.

FRANK
I'm retiring from show business.

They look closely at each other. And then they kiss.

The ferry horn BLASTS. Frank picks up his suitcase.

RACHEL
What are you going to do?

FRANK
I'm going to take a vacation.

RACHEL
What's your idea of a vacation?

FRANK
I go somewhere quiet...
(a beat)
...and I close my eyes.

RACHEL
(smiles at that)
Where is it quiet?

FRANK
My back yard.

Rachel nods.

RACHEL
I know where that is.

They look at each other. Frank walks out the gangway to the ferry.

The ferry pulls away from the dock and angles out into the harbor. Rachel stands on the island and watches it go.

FADE OUT

THE END